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one of the most destructive Often, this unseen and unfelt undermines the constitution, exciting or fatal diseases, tion of its presence. Again on throughout the body, and on occasion, rapidly develop hideous forms, either on the vitals. In the latter, tubers deposited in the lungs or in the liver, or it shows on the skin, or foul ulcers the body. Hence the occa- of this *Sarsaparilla* is ad- active symptoms of disease ted with the following com- immediate relief, and, at of this *SARSAPARILLA*, *Erc, Rose or Erysipelas, Scald Head, Ringworm,* s, and other eruptions or ous disease. Also in the as *Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Epilepsy, Neuralgia,* ns affections of the muscu-
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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

ABSORPTIVE POWER OF SOIL.

It is well known that the soil has a very considerable power of absorbing not only gases, but moisture from the atmosphere. This moisture or vapor of water when withdrawn from the air is condensed in the pores of the soil and so retained. It must be evident that this property of the soil is of great importance in an agricultural or economic point of view, because it is necessarily connected with the permanent moisture of the soil so necessary to vegetable existence.

In a very careful set of experiments undertaken by a German chemist to determine the absorptive power of different kinds of soil for the power of condensing the vapor of water and storing it away in their pores, he found the quantity absorbed in twenty-four hours from previously dried soil was as follows, the figures being the weight in thousandths:—

Coarse quartz sand	0
Plaster or gypsum	1
Lime sand	2
Cultivated land	24
Clay soil (sixty per cent. of clay)	28
Slaty marl	33
Loam	55
Fine carbonate of lime	35
Heavy clay soil (eighty per cent. clay)	41
Garden mould rich in humus	52
Pure humus	99
Carbonate of magnesia	82
Humus	120

It appears from the above that sandy soils have but very slight attractive force for watery vapor, which explains why they are so dry and arid. But the attractive force of clay for this vapor is very much greater, and that of humus so much greater as to present an extraordinary comparison.

The striking contrast in the absorptive power of sand and clay or sand and humus suggests the obvious means of improving the former by a mixture of the latter, that is the mixture of clay with sand or what is of equal importance, though, perhaps, more expensive, the addition of humus. This last may be effected by the use of green crops, like ploughing in green clover, buckwheat, or other large bodies of vegetable material, or by the admixture of peat. It will appear from the figures presented above that humus or decaying vegetable matter, surpasses every other material in the soil in its power of absorbing the vapor of water. Whether this power is owing to its great porosity or not, it is not necessary here to stop to inquire. The fact that it possesses it is the main point, and this is the great practical fact. And when it is considered that the power of attracting the vapor of water measures also the attractive power for various gases, ammonia, &c., it indicates very clearly the importance of amending light and porous soils by one of the methods alluded to, that is by the addition of clay or muck. One of these substances, clay or muck, is almost sure to be accessible to every farmer of a light soil. If clay is not at hand, he can usually obtain muck, and if the latter does not furnish the food of plants, it insure to add to the amount of humus in a sandy soil, and so to improve its attractive power for moisture and the various nutritive gases of the atmosphere.

Let it be remembered that humus is one of the most important sources of the supply of nitrogen so indispensable to plants. Many plants derive their nitrogen to a large extent from the atmosphere, to be sure, but a soil filled with humus is the great medium of supply. The application of muck to light sandy lands, therefore, is, and always must be, one of the most important duties of the farmer of such lands.

Different specimens of muck differ, of course, in the actual amount of humus, but all contain it very largely, and for such soils there need be no hesitation in applying such as comes most conveniently to hand.

Another source of increasing the amount of humus in the soil is by ploughing in green crops. A heavy vegetable growth is no doubt a grand thing to turn under, but when the question comes as to whether such a burden, say of clover, shall be put through our cows or turned directly under, we think the temptation to feed it will generally be too strong to be resisted. But there is one thing that the farmer ought always to remember, and that is, to secure a thick, close sward to plough in, a sward filled and crowded with grass roots. Instead of waiting till the grass has run out from neglect, till he can walk between the spires, he should take the pieces that are covered with the heaviest sward, and this may be secured by frequent top-dressing. The amount of valuable manurial matter in a thick, rich turf is enormous.

The way to secure such a turf on a light soil is by frequent top dressing and the application of manures. Every good farmer has a plan in his mind for more than one or two years ahead. He has a system which extends over several years, and he knows exactly which of his lands are to come up next year, and which the year after. Let him plan, also, to give those pieces one or two heavy top dressings a year or two before their turn comes. Let him take every means in his power to promote the growth of grass roots and to form a rich, thick and heavy sward. In that way his manure will go farther and his soil will be growing richer and richer. Among the substances which he should apply as a top dressing, muck will be one of the most useful in the way of adding to the amount of humus in the soil.

THE EASTERN HAMPDEN SOCIETY

The Directors of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society had a hearing before the Legislative Committee on Agriculture, on Friday of last week, on an order offered in the Senate instructing the Committee to consider the expediency of repealing the act incorporating that Society.

It will be recollected that many citizens of the towns of Palmer and Monson, with several members of the Eastern Hampden Society, headed by the first and foremost of their number, Mr. Hiram Converse, who has recently been elected to the most important and most desirable office in the gift of the Society, a position most universally and most eagerly sought in all the societies, viz: the representative of the intelligence, the judgment and the sound common sense of the community in which he resides, in the State government and before the farming population of the State, petitioned the Legislature to repeal the act giving bounties to the agricultural societies. Now this gentleman who heads the petition, having recently been elected to fill the most desirable office in the gift of the Society, must be taken as the fair exponent of the general sentiment of that Society. The Legislature is bound to consider him as such, and the members of the Society cannot go behind their own act, and deny that he is a fair exponent of their intelligence, and of their own sentiments and wishes in regard to this important measure. To deny this would be to stultify themselves. It is clear, therefore, that whatever course the Legislature may see fit to adopt in regard to the other societies, they can fairly comply with the general wish and sentiment so far as that particular Society, the Eastern Hampden, is concerned, and grant their request by withholding the bounty from them.

But the hearing came upon the expediency of repealing their charter, and the grounds on which the gentlemen present opposed the repeal are worthy of a paseing remark, because they showed a strange misconception of the objects and purposes of the Legislature in offering bounties, and a low standard or level on which the Society appears to have been run. They would have the Legislature judge of the efficiency of a society by its Show or Fair, and by the amount of premiums paid, without much consideration of the objects encouraged, and the manner in which such premiums are distributed.

Now the true standard by which to judge a society is its record, or its transactions. The object of an agricultural society is to add to our present stock of knowledge, and to diffuse information on agricultural matters in the community, to awaken enterprise and ambition and mental activity among its members. It is true the exhibition is one method of doing this, but it is a subordinate and secondary method; the *record* is the primary and most efficient method, the permanent evidence of an earnest effort to do its duty, and accomplish the purposes for which it was formed. Money spent in printing, therefore, does more good if the printed page is what it ought to be, full of instruction, full of suggestion and life, than money spent in small premiums, infinitely more.

To give twenty-five cents to Miss Jones, or fifty to Miss Brown, for a piece of fancy work that is scarcely worth the money, does not promote the cause of agriculture. Money distributed in small premiums is generally wasted and often far worse than wasted. It leaves no permanent record for good. It adds nothing to our knowledge of farming. To throw away money in small driblets to tickle the fancy of A., B., C., and D., is a miserable waste, and perversion of the State bounty. So that it is the manner in which money is spent by a society, and not the amount awarded that forms the criterion of a judgment upon it.

A society that completely shirks its great, chief duty, and gets up the most meagre transactions, which do not contain a shadow of an idea, where the awards are barely stated without giving the reasons on which the awards are based, does not comply, in any respect, with the spirit of the law. And a society that persists in this course year after year, merely "grazing in" within the letter, and not complying with its spirit, does not add anything to the general stock of knowledge of farming in the Commonwealth. It is of no earthly use to a farmer in Essex County, to be told that a girl in Hampden County has got a premium of fifty cents, for a piece of needle work, or that Mr. Jones got two dollars as a premium on an animal. But if a farmer in Hampden makes an experiment in feeding, with sufficient care, and states it intelligently with the results which followed, it is a piece of information which may be useful the world over.

Now this being the true standard to judge by, the committee should inquire how far the Eastern Hampden Society can bear the test as compared with the other societies. Their transactions would occupy about a column of the *Ploughman*. There is not a report, not an idea, not a reason stated for any award. There is not the slightest attempt to comply with the spirit of the law, by imparting any information whatever. A single page of the transactions of many of the other societies, is worth a thousand tons of such a document. Perhaps we may take occasion to dissect it hereafter.

ESSAYS ON ROAD MAKING.

The Committee of the State Board of Agriculture, to whom was submitted the subject of Roads and Road Making, and the offer and award of prizes for the same, have awarded the first prize to Clemens Herschel, of Boston; second to Prof. S. F. Miller, of Amherst; third to Henry Onion, of Dedham, all civil engineers.

ELEGANT CATALOGUE.

B. K. BLISS & SON'S ILLUSTRATED SPRING CATALOGUE, 1870.

This complete and elegant catalogue of Flower and Garden seeds is always welcome. It contains a great variety of information in a compact and accessible form, and is full of suggestions of a direct practical value. Formerly of Springfield, the Messrs. Bliss are now located at 41 Park Row, and 151 Nassau street, New York, where they are ready to attend to any orders that may be sent them.

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LEACHED ASHES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of March 12th an article under the title of "Leached Ashes," the result of a discussion at a "recent meeting of the New York Farmers' Club," that claims to show "how to apply them to obtain the best results," attracts my attention. I notice Mr. Quinby stated that he applied three hundred bushels per acre, and thereby increased his wheat crop one hundred per cent., but fails to inform us of the profit of the operation. But hear the statement of Mr. Collins. "He applied ashes one inch deep over four acres of land." Result "Got a fine crop of corn." What shall be done with that statement? I find on examination that 11,667 bushels are required to "cover four acres one inch deep." The average price of ashes in Massachusetts is twenty cents per bushel. At that price the ashes used on "four acres," cost $2,333 46, or $566 69 per acre.

Query? how many prudent farmers can obtain 11,667 bushels of ashes, or apply them with profit by the Collins' rule? Will the editor, or any Massachusetts farmer, give the desired information to an earnest farmer and oblige, A. J. WAITT.

Athol, Mass.

Farmers' Omnibus.

— Many English farmers feed no hay to their work horses, but keep them in high working order with straw, roots, and shorts. The equivalent of twelve tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

— An English farmer broke up thirty acres of water meadow which produced nothing but coarse edge grass and rushes. After it was thoroughly drained and laid down to grass, he was able to cut four crops of green fodder annually of the best quality.

— To cure a dog of sheep killing, let him see the sheep he has killed; in his presence take off the pelt, fasten it tightly around him, and make him wear it from one to three days. We think you will never be troubled by his meddling with sheep again.

— Unexpected things constantly arise to prevent a farmer from carrying out his plans, but a mechanic proceeds unobstructed. Therefore, farming is not a mechanical but a scientific occupation.

— An Illinois correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says he laid a temporary drain ten years ago, sinking it only eighteen inches. The drain was made by simply inclining a board, about ten inches wide, against the side of the ditch. He has just taken it up, and finds the heart of the boards, which were of pine still sound.

— The *American Agricultural Annual* says: "What we want is an American Merino that shall produce as much wool as it does now, of as fine or finer quality, and in which all the food now used to produce the present excess of oil, yolk and grease, shall be crowded into good, juicy mutton."

—A correspondent of the *Canada Farmer* recommends the use of hemlock boards, nailed in a V shape, opening down, as a good substitute for tile in draining wet lands. When covered all the time with wet meadow clay or muck, boards last a long time. A sod is laid over the paint where the butts of the drain boxes meet.

IMPORTED AND NATIVE INSECTS

Mr. C. L. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, has published an interesting essay on Imported and Native American Insects. He finds that almost all our worst insect enemies are imported from the other side of the Atlantic:

The Hessian fly was imported almost nineteen years ago; the wheat midge about half as long ago; the bee moth at the beginning of the present century; the codling moth, the cabbage tinea, the borer of the red currant, the oyster shell bark louse, the pear tree flea louse, the cheese maggot, the common meal worm, the grain weevil, the house fly, the leaf beetle of the elm, the cockroach, the croton bug, and the different cloth and fur moths, at periods which cannot be definitely fixed. Even within the last few years the asparagus has become naturalized in New York and New Jersey, whence it will no doubt spread gradually westward through the whole of the United States. The rape butterfly (*Pieris rapæ*), which is the most grievous pest in the cabbage in Europe, was introduced some eight or ten years ago, and has been gradually spreading from Quebec, Canada, as a centre, and will in time feed its way west, unless preventive measures are taken; and only a year ago the larva of a certain owlet moth (*Hypogymna dispar*), which is a great pest in Europe both to fruit trees and forest trees, was accidently introduced by a Massachusetts entomologist into New England, where it is spreading with great rapidity. Other insects of a less injurious nature might be mentioned.

The Poultry Yard.

TURKEYS, GEESE AND DUCKS.

How to Hatch their Eggs.

In attempting to supply information on hatching suitable to each learner, we have been compelled to revert to the subject so far as regards the varieties named in this heading. Almost every one who keeps poultry knows that hens are preferred to ducks for hatching the eggs of the latter; yet some little points, we are told, need to be communicated regarding turkeys and geese. Of duck eggs to be set under a hen of average size, then, let us fix the number at nine or eleven—under a Cochin or Brahma of good size let it not exceed thirteen. It only stands to reason that the ducks from which the eggs are gathered should be mature (a remark applicable to all sorts of poultry), and therefore the eggs themselves of ordinary size, all those that appear ill shaped, and extra large being rejected, for reasons assigned in our previous article. The statutory time for incubation, thirty or thirty-one days, according to the assiduity of the sitter, being concluded, there is no fear that the representative mother will be so thoughtless as the duck in leading the tender duckling too soon to the pond or rivulet, and so in many cases to death. Nevertheless, through no evil intention, she may incur the odium of infanticide, even at an earlier stage. Any too inquisitive enough to discover a duck's nest of her own selection, generally in a very concealed corner, will admire the nice precaution taken against a chill during her absence from the nest, by covering her eggs all over with the most downy parts of her own dress. Why? Because, as is the case still more strongly with geese, duck eggs, if not more easily chilled than those of other poultry, are with far greater difficulty restored to the necessary temperature. A comparison between the shells of the different eggs will go far to convince every reasonable person that this is only what may be expected from the less porous and more oily or varnished appearance of the duck's egg. Well, then, what is the remedy against the fatal chill? The poor hen has no down wherewithal to imitate the instinct of the mother when she can take so advantageously. True, but she need not, and under intelligent management *must* not, be absent from her nest more than twenty or twenty-five minutes at most every morning—the warm flannel may occupy till she return, and the nest should be made on the rules of architecture observed by the duck herself, the chief feature being compactness, such as secure *coziness*.

After the ducklings have burst their prison house, the greatest care must for a few days be bestowed on them. Apart from their down, they are very minute and equally tender. The mother should be selected for her quietness of temper and softness of step. All enemies, especially rats, which are peculiarly fond of the tiny duckling, as of the soft gosling, must be rigorously debarred from entering the abode of inmates so helpless. Rats, indeed, will attack them when many weeks old.

Ducklings will not refuse such food as is given to chickens, but in their very earliest days it is a pretty general practice to consult their habits and give them softer dishes, such as meal well slaked, and very soon they may have groats thrown into the water, the latter element greatly facilitating the process of feeding. A soft bed to sleep on, and exclusion from deep water will conduce to freedom from cramp; and to prevent weak spines they should be kept for several months from a stream of water with a strong current.

Goose eggs require the same time to hatch as duck eggs, and much the same treatment when a hen or turkey is used as a substitute for the goose. The egg being very large, of course the remedy against chills must in this case be still more urgently insisted upon. No doubt, it is said that the goose, loitering off her nest, and returning to it all draggled with water, often not of the clearest kind, proves that the eggs may be ever so cold and yet produce goslings. It may safely be replied to this hasty inference, that the goose is at best a very indifferent hatcher, and the temperature of a hen's body or even a turkey's, is far lower than that of the goose's, consequently we must by artificial means compensate for the difference. A goose may sit on thirteen eggs, but with more probability of success on eleven. In the "Henwife," no mean authority, it is said that a large common hen can cover three goose eggs, and a turkey seven. At Cairntows farm, near Edinburgh, we know large cross bred hens and Dorkings can hatch four. In all cases, however, the hen to do this must be of the largest size. We may mention that at the same place, just at this season when geese are set, a great many additional eggs are put in different corners about the steading under hens, and the combined produce of all the nests are put under the care of the geese; and, along with their fond protector the gander, they may be seen proudly strutting at the head of a family almost numerically vieing with that of the Trojan king, who counted sixty sons and as many daughters.

When just hatched, goslings are very soft and *feckless*, but they are not long in that state. In a few days they are comparatively strong, and in a few weeks all they need, with abundant fodder, is a dry soft bed and shelter at night. They refuse no food that comes in their way in the poultry yard. Their voracity and digestive power are immense, but their rapid growth and fattening qualities are also marvellous, and when the most profitable seasons for selling them are watched, render them worth rearing. Like ducks or turkeys they sit thirty or thirty-one days.

Turkeys are not very lucky hatchers unless closely watched. They sit both hard and close, but are apt to leave their nest too soon after the eggs are hatched, and so test the pedestrian capabilities of the young brood beyond measure. Indeed, at all times they drag about their feeble progeny rather more than in their high state of civilization is admissible. Hence a hen is often used as a substitute to hatch the turkey's eggs, and if large, can manage to cover nine. The turkey hen herself covers fifteen or seventeen, but the former is the safer number. The Cochin or Brahma, or a cross bred hen from either of them, will doubtless, in the earlier days of the poults' youth, less fatigue and more willingly cherish her feeble charge. But on the other hand poults require peculiar vegetable food, such as nettles, docks, and grass seeds; a hen being less vagrant than a turkey, can hardly be so good a forager; and poults enjoy the lead and protection of their natural mother much longer than a hen will stay with them. Now, while there is no greater tyrant in the poultry yard than an adult turkey, so there can be no more pitiable sight than a very young poult left by its foster mother, and pursued by all the other members of the community. They are particularly what we lately heard them called, "*the maist bairnly beasse about the onstead.*" Accordingly, on the whole, the natural mother is surely the best. Many, however, would like to rear their own turkeys who have little range for them. These worthy imitators at a disadvantage may congratulate themselves on the fact that a hen is the thing for them, and that they can make their ground as a turkey walk much larger than it is, by contriving narrow runs in it communicating one with another, as well as atone for the want of range by mincing up onions, cabbage, and other green delicacies. In all cases, turkeys like good feeding, and before they are feathered much require it. At other times the general diet of the yard is sufficient.—*Scottish Farmer.*

HOW WATER GETS INTO TILES.

Just lay twenty or thirty rods of tiles and make the joints as tight as possible, then let a stream of water into the tiles and dam it up at the lower end, and see how fast the water will flow out from the joints between the tiles. Now, when the tiles are laid in the ground, and they are surrounded with water, the water will rush into the tiles through the joints nearly or quite as fast as the water in the other case would rush out of them. But perhaps, you mean to ask how the water in the land gets to the underdrain. In sandy or gravelly land it gradually soaks through the particles of soil for several rods on each side of the drain. But to many people it is a mystery how water can soak through a tenacious clay three or four feet deep to the tiles. Wet clay as it dries, contracts, and seams or pores are formed. You will observe this on a piece of wet clay land. In the dry weather of summer it splits open into cracks, not unfrequently an inch wide. Well, when you put tiles into such a soil, the water drains away for a few inches on the bottom and sides of the ditch, and as the land becomes dry it cracks opens, and the water from the adjoining land flows into these cracks and through them to the tiles. As more land dries, more cracks are formed. and so on until the whole soil, if the drains are sufficiently numerous, becomes full of these small fissures. When these are once formed they will always continue open, and water will pass off rapidly.—*American Agriculturist.*

TRICHINAE SPIRALIS.

A practical chemist, in the Chicago *Tribune*, gives the following as a remedy for trichinæ spiralis:

Give the patient two drops of carbolic acid (crystals) thoroughly incorporated with forty drops of glycerine. Alternate (every three hours) with twenty drops of liquor sodæ bi sulphis, to be administered in a wine glass of water. In urgent cases repeat these agents every hour, and continue until relief is obtained.

FEEDING SHEEP.

A person to succeed in sheep feeding, must do it because he likes to do it—because he prefers to feed sheep and see them eat, to any other business done in winter, and although he may not be able or willing to do the work himself, still he must take delight in seeing it well attended to, if he expects to prosper. He should be sure to see every sheep he has, at least once a day, when, if he understands his business, he can tell at a glance whether they have been properly cared for.—*J. Winne, in Ohio Farmer.*

THREE HUNDRED HEAD.

Mr. J. J. Mechi, the celebrated English farmer, and alderman of London, has on his farm three hundred head of poultry. He says that fowls are the farmer's best friends, consuming no end of insects, and utilizing and economizing all waste grain. He thinks it costs no more to produce a pound of poultry than a pound of beef.

☞ A lady in Ypsilanti, Mich., found last summer, among her old potatoes, one which had split open, and inside were found three new potatoes as large as hickory nuts.

☞ A bill has been recently introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington providing for the removal of the import duty on animals imported into this country from foreign ports for breeding purposes. It has been approved and adopted by the Committee on Ways and Means, and incorporated into the general tariff bill.

Questions & Answers.

LOSS OF COWS' TEATS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

There is one question which I wish to ask, Will a cow which has lost a teat from any customary or usual cause (like garget) give as much milk from the remaining teats?

W. B. KIMBALL.

Enfield, Mass., Feb. 22, 1870.

When a mammary gland is lost or destroyed in the manner indicated or otherwise, there is no doubt a tendency to an increased secretion of milk in the remaining glands. But though the secretion in these glands is increased it is never to so great an extent as to equal the previous secretion. It may approximate to it in ordinary times, but at the time of full flow it cannot equal it, because a considerable portion of the milk reservoirs are destroyed. It is never safe or judicious to breed dairy stock from a cow that has lost a gland whether by accident or otherwise.—[ED.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE ON ROADS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

On the 15th of last month, I addressed you a line in relation to an article which appeared in your issue of the 12th of the same month under the head of "Road Making," in which you say that his Excellency, Gov. Claflin in his address to the legislature in January last, made a certain suggestion, which you was pleased to say was a timely and valuable one. Being unable to find any such statement in my copy of his Excellency's address, I requested you in my note to make a correction of what was evidently a mistake. But as yet, I have seen nothing of it. Will you please be so kind as to inform the public where you found the suggestion alluded to, and oblige Yours respectfully,

E. D. RICHARDS.

Natick, March 4th, 1870.

The suggestion has been made many times and from a great variety of sources. In the address of His Excellency Gov. Claflin, on the 9th of January, 1869, after dwelling upon the miserable condition of our roads, and tracing the causes of their unsatisfactory condition he said, "that the science of road making should have a prominent place in the coarse of applied mathematics at the Massachusetts Agricultural College." The suggestion was often and repeatedly made by ourselves also at a still earlier date.—[ED.

Correspondence.

A TAILLESS CALF.

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman* of the whereabouts of P. T. Barnum? I know of an "animal" which I think would be a valuable acquisition to his "menagerie," viz. one of the cows kept on the Town Farm in Framingham, on the 13th inst., dropped a heifer calf, *minus* that very useful appendage, a *tail*, and "thereby hangs a tale," for your scientific readers to investigate.

If any of the readers of the *Ploughman* can produce a rarer unnatural phenomenon in the stock line, please to inform me of the fact. Respectfully, E. E. WARREN.

Framingham, March 14, 1870.

WEIGHT OF PIGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I notice in your last issue of the *Ploughman* an account of a Massachusetts man selling seven pigs for $356 36. Now I cannot dispute the weight of said pigs, although it seems rather large, but I should really like to know to what market they were carried to sell for seventeen cents per pound.

We have raised a large number of hogs on this farm, and have always considered we had good breeds, but I must say that we never could get seven months old pigs to weigh three hundred pounds nor could we sell them for such a price even when gold was at the "top notch."

Will the raiser of those pigs please inform me of the breeds and also the manner of feeding to obtain such results?

Yours truly, E. C. HUDSON.

Pompeett Farm, Cranston, R. I.
March 11, 1870.

SEBRIGHT BANTAMS

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The Sebright Bantams are among the handsomest of our smaller breeds of poultry, and attract considerable notice both in England and in America. They are not only kept for their beauty, but also for their laying quality, and I must say that I believe that they will lay as great a weight of eggs in a year in proportion to the amount of food that they devour as either the Brahmas or the Leghorns. The Sebright Bantams are of two varieties, the Golden and the Silver Laced; the Silver Laced are by far the handsomest of the two, but are not so plenty as the Golden variety, and therefore command a higher price among poultry fanciers. They are good setters and mothers, and will cover at least as many as nine of their own eggs, and will rear their chicks better than the larger fowls.

I have kept Bantams for quite a while, and have two hens of the Silver variety, which laid last year very nearly three hundred eggs. The Sebrights are handsomer and will lay better than either the Black or Game Bantams, and I would advise those who intend to procure Bantams to choose the Sebrights in preference to the other two varieties just mentioned. A short time ago I weighed three of their eggs and found that they weighed as much as two Brahmas, or that eighteen of their eggs are equal to twelve Brahmas. If Bantams are intended for exhibition, it is desirable to produce them as small as possible, for then they will stand a better chance of winning the prize; therefore their eggs should not be set before the last of July or the first of August, as then the chickens will not grow so large as if hatched earlier; the cocks will scarcely ever weigh over twenty ounces, if they are hatched as late as this, and the hens not over seventeen ounces.

It is only since 1860 that Bantams have had much attention paid them in this country, but in England they have been bred for a long time not only for curiosity, but also for the fine quality, and large number of eggs which they produce. M.

March 18, 1870.

THE FARMER AND THE COLLEGE.

A Lecture before the State Board of Agriculture, at the Country Session at Pittsfield, Dec. 9, 1869.

BY DR. GEO. B. LORING.

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I am under the necessity of occupying more time than seems to be my share at this session, on account, in the first place, of the amount of duty that has been assigned me by the committee of arrangements for the meeting, and, in the second place, on account of the request which I have received from the President of the Agricultural College that I would take his place in speaking upon the subject of "The Farmer and the College." I suppose by "the Farmer" is meant a Massachusetts farmer, and by "the College" is meant the Massachusetts Agricultural College. At any rate, I propose to confine myself to those two points, and to consider with you the relations which the farmer of Massachusetts should hold to the College, and the benefits which I conceive may arise from the union of these two forces, the practical and educational, here in Massachusetts in the business of cultivating our soil.

This Agricultural College, located at Amherst, has been, as you all know, from its very outset, a topic of lively and somewhat sharp discussion in every part of this Commonwealth. Notwithstanding the fact that Massachusetts has devoted so much of her time and her money to the business of educating her people in every conceivable branch of learning, for their benefit and for the advancement of her own interests, the moment that the subject of the establishment of an Agricultural College was broached here, the debate began. It was somewhat astonishing, that notwithstanding Massachusetts had spent upon Harvard College, from its inception and infancy, almost, down to this very hour, hundreds of thousands of dollars from her own treasury, and from the private pockets of her citizens as much more, notwithstanding she had endowed every scientific institution within her limits, had bestowed upon Williams' College her bounty, upon Amherst College her bounty, upon Tufts' College her bounty, and upon almost every female academy, upon the School of Technology, and upon the Museum of Natural History a liberal share of her wealth, the instant an institution was put into her own hands, for her own government and her own development, she not only began to pause herself, but her most enterprising and liberal citizens began to pause also. It is difficult, my friends, to account for this. An institution which is the only one, as you were told this morning, that Massachusetts can claim as her own,—an institution which is intended for the development of the foundation of all her interests,—an institution which is bound to develop that knowledge upon which the best practical farming of this State can rest,—an institution which, if fully developed, will redound to her honor and her wealth as much as any other institution within her own limits, and which, by accepting the bounty of the United States and the bounty of the town of Amherst, has found means to support itself until it arrives at its entire and full completion, is met by the most formidable opposition.

This, gentlemen, is the Agricultural College of Massachusetts,—a school in which, as we believe, the farmers of this Commonwealth can arrive at what might be called a practico-scientific knowledge of the business of agriculture. I am not, however, surprised at the opposition which this institution has met with. The farming of Massachusetts has not been unsuccessful in all times past by any manner of means. The rules that have been laid down here for successful farming have been wrung by intelligent and skilful farmers out of the very soil upon which the population of Massachusetts now treads. The best crops that have been grown here in times past are due to their intelligence and their industry. The whole development of the wealth of this Commonwealth seventy-five years ago, was in the hands of the farmers. I doubt if at that time Berkshire County was in possession of a single woollen or cotton mill. There may have been, at the time that Elkanah Watson gathered his little band together here on this village green for the purpose of holding an agricultural exhibition, a single woollen mill somewhere in this country, to which he proposed to carry his small merino fleeces for the purpose of having them manufactured into cloth. But the business of manufacturing, in this county and in this whole State was in the hands of private individuals. You can go any day into the secluded spots of this town and others, and find the old implements with which your mothers manufactured the cloth, which, colored with splendid and beautiful hues, adorned your fathers on their way to church or town meeting. That is the way manufacturing was carried on here. It was agriculture that lay at the foundation of the whole business, and so profitable and prosperous was it, that in my own county, I am happy to say, the record gives us one hundred and seventeen and a half bushels of corn to the acre—almost vieing with Berkshire County; eight hundred bushels of Swedes; one thousand bushels of mangolds; three and a half tons of hay; six or seven hundred bushels of triumphant potatoes. What times for farming those were! And so successful was the farming industry of this Commonwealth and the rest of the States of this Union, that when our country emerged from the revolutionary war, with a great war debt resting upon it, it was out of large agriculture, scattered up and down the Atlantic coast, and small commerce, bringing its wealth into a few little ports in Essex County, almost alone,—I say, it was out of large agriculture and small commerce that the patriotic fathers drew that wealth with which they paid a large proportion of the revolutionary war debt before a quarter of a century had passed away.

So I say it is not because the farming of this State has not been successful that we are establishing an Agricultural College here; it is not because the farmers of this State are ignorant of certain principles of agriculture upon which, heretofore, they have been successful, that this College has been established; but it is because, under the trials of modern agriculture, the best education is necessary in order to enable the farmers of the State to carry on their business profitably and successfully. It is the application of definite rules to the business of agriculture that we are striving for.

Now, my friends, I have been more struck since I came to this meeting than I ever was before with the victory which positive science has achieved over the knowledge which we farmers,—for I say I have brought it myself,—bring to our debates. There have been but two things that have been unquestioned here. One was, the demonstration of the physical economy of the cow, as the source from which your dairy products were drawn,—the natural history of the cow, demonstrated here before you upon scientific principles, under scientific rules,—and the other was, the lecture to which we listened last night upon the breeding of fishes and the introduction of fishes once more into our streams. No man here could deny the statements of these two gentlemen, who planted themselves upon definite science. Nobody undertook to deny those diagrams, that I have heard of. Nobody undertook to debate the fact stated by Prof. Agassiz, that when the young trout came out of his egg, he had a bag hanging on his lower side which he must be rid of before he could come to perfection; a bag of sins, perhaps, like that which Christian cast away before he reached the top of the Celestial Mountains. Nobody questioned that; there was no doubt raised about it. Nobody doubted for a moment that what we were told here of the great lacteal organization of the cow was true; it was demonstrated to us. But the instant a specculating, inexperienced, but perhaps

gaged in the cultivation of fruit, no man engaged in the production of grass, or corn, or grain, or cattle, in this State who, if he will only believe in the Agricultural College, may not draw information from it which will enable him to carry on these branches of business to greater profit than he has heretofore done.

But you may tell me that science does not lay down any law; that a man can demonstrate the anatomy of the cow, or tell you how a fish is hatched, which fin grows first, and what his tail looks like; but that does you no good. But it does. In the first place it liberalizes your mind, one of the best things that can be done for you. There is nothing in the world like keeping a man's mind open, receptive; the instant it closes up, there is an end of him. Keep his mind open, free, liberal, ready to investigate, ready to listen. And if he will only believe in careful investigation it will open a way by which he can overcome all his obstacles and difficulties. It will teach him what lands to drain and what not to drain; it will teach him how to carry on his war against insects; it will teach him what kind of food is best for his animals; it will teach him how he can prepare his fertilizers, and put them in the most economical way into the soil, and so arrange them that from that soil he can draw the largest crops.

I think, therefore, we ought to listen to the rules laid down by these lecturers, and believe in them; we ought, in our own operations, to contribute our share; we ought to encourage the Commonwealth in sustaining this institution; we ought to believe in science, in this great scientific age of the world. And when we are told that no other branch of business in the community asks for education, that the mechanic runs his shop, the manufacturer runs his mill, the merchant runs his counting-room, all without the aid of science and without education, and therefore the farmer should transact his business without education; let us remind these gentlemen that every conceivable branch of business in this world has its teachers except the farmer. Why, the first many scientific engineers were educated in this Commonwealth before you could dam up the Connecticut river and the Merrimack river, for the establishment of Holyoke and Chicopee and Lawrence and Lowell? Was it ignorance which accomplished that work? No; it was the application of the best rules of science that prepared the way for the manufacturer to build his mill upon those streams; mills involving the nicest principles of the best science and best mechanics of the age. That is what education has done for manufactures. It has taken the business of manufacturing out of our kitchens and garrets, and placed it into palaces. Has it done nothing for mechanics? It has developed all those industries which have made mechanics prosperous. Has it done nothing for our taste? Were not your architects and landscape gardeners educated?—Why, every bookkeeper, every clerk, every lawyer and clergyman and physician, every manufacturer has an opportunity to avail himself of knowledge which is specially adapted to his purpose. Why, then, should not the farmer, who is engaged in a vastly more intricate and difficult business, have his education also? Is there any reason? You all know one man of the last century who was a distinguished lawyer, a great statesman, a great writer, a great orator; he left an immortal name in history, and made his mark in the British Parliament, as one of the great lights of that kingdom. He knew that it was to succeed on every field except his farm at Beaconsfield, and after he had exhausted his wisdom in literature, in scientific investigation, and in statesmanship, Edmund Burke went to farm to learn that to be a good farmer required, as he said, more common sense, observation, judgment and wisdom than all the other work which he had endeavored to accomplish in life.

Will you tell me, now, that knowledge is unnecessary to the farmer? He should know all he possibly can know, and the first and best knowledge he can have is that which will protect him against false theories and false assumptions of any kind.

I am sure our boys can be well taught in this College. If they apply their knowledge to the land, no much the sooner—if to other pursuits, even then their education will not have been in vain. A knowledge of land management is useful to all men—to all who would be practically useful in their day and generation—to all who would enjoy the refinements of rural life. I would send a boy to the Agricultural College, even if he was destined to a professional life. Our young men enter upon their classical career often too early in life, before they have acquired a taste, or physical strength for their work. No man, who has not experienced it, can estimate the exhaustion of academic career, or understand fully the physical trials of young men who striving for a high position in a college are bleached out in those cloisters, where the ambitious boys trim their midnight lamps. So I say I would give a boy practical sense, good muscle, and strength, if nothing more, at the Agricultural College, if I intended afterwards to send him to a classical college for the purpose of giving him a professional education.

Do not, then, despair; and if some of these young men do come out ministers, lawyers, engineers, or surveyors, it will harm no man and no State. But they will all come out in a better way. There is an astonishing attraction about the soil. We all have or should have our rural tastes; and when a man has once acquired a taste for the land, it never dies, until he returns to it from earth. A boy goes from the country into the city, and begins at once to make his fortune, guided by the good principles that were taught him by his mother, and the skill, in many cases, instinct which he inherited; and the first thing he desires is a little farm and the animals that go with it to remind him of the valley in which he was born, and bring him back once more to the farm of his fathers. There is no taste which adheres to us so persistently as love of the land, and there is none in which there is more happiness or more enjoyment. Will it injure our boys, therefore, if they get this taste for the land, and if in after life they should return to their homes and embellish those lands their fathers have left them, deserted perhaps in too soon? If you could find moreover an intelligent foreman, one who had brought from the Agricultural College the means of carrying on your lands in a way that

place not easily filled. If you had a bright, substantial, broad shouldered boy that you loved, and desired to keep at home, one who you believe would make a good farmer and good citizen, perhaps a good selectman or town clerk, or possibly a senator, in after life,—if you had such a boy as that, would you object to having him educated in such a school, more especially if the love of the land which he might acquire there should keep him on his paternal acres? I do not believe you would. Send your boys to the Agricultural College, then, if you can spare them a year or more in their early education. I tell you it will not destroy the virtue, the industry, or the good order of the Commonwealth, to educate some of our boys in the practical service of life, whatever may be the path which they are destined to tread.

I have spoken about the education of the boys, and now I have a word to say about the education of the girls—a branch of the Agricultural College which has not yet been discussed. I believe, my friends, and so do you, in female education. I believe in women having just as good an education for the practical affairs of life as man has. There is no reason why she should not have it—not the slightest. I do not believe it will disappoint a man if, when he is attending the social circles that gather together in the villages and towns, and is looking about to find a partner to take him by the hand and go along with him through life, he should find a comely woman, who knew how to discuss something besides ribbons and satins and the last gossip of the village; who had a substantial education, and knew how to talk with him about the home affairs, the policy of the Commonwealth, and country of which we all are proud. I do not believe a man ever made anything by insisting upon it that his wife should not know as much as he does, and I am sure there is no man in this hall who will say that *his* wife does not know as much as he does. Whatever you may say of others, you will not say that your wife or daughters is less intelligent than yourself. So I say you all believe in female education. Give them to the women of this Commonwealth, that kind of practical education which will give them a fair chance in life. You educate your boys for every conceivable service; you educate your girls for no special object. You can name no trade or branch of business for which you educate them. They sometimes educate themselves in various pursuits—but not through the aid of any system provided for them. They marry, and try to keep house, when, too often, they know nothing of housekeeping. To ask them to manage your dairy, a beautiful and useful employment, and she will stare at you as if you asked her to fight a battle or storm a battery. We want female education in this Commonwealth; and, I appeal to the Trustees of the Agricultural College not to allow the Cornell University to outstrip this old Commonwealth, that you heard so eulogized this morning. Prof. Chadbourne told us that Massachusetts was ahead in every thing. The Cornell University is getting ahead of your Board, sir. There is no doubt why it should get ahead. Let the Agricultural College have a department for the young women of this Commonwealth who desire to make horticulturists of themselves, who desire to learn how to furnish their houses tastefully, when they have them, how to take care of our green houses, and how to perform profitably and well all those details which the hand of woman can always do so much better than the hand of man. There are branches of education, in which the females of Massachusetts can be educated in that College, which will be of service not only to themselves but to every one who takes an interest in that education which is to elevate all the people of the State up to a proper standard.

Mr. President, I have made a long argument in behalf of the Agricultural College; but I have, in doing it, endeavored simply to discharge a duty which the President of that college imposed upon me, and which he himself could have discharged so much better than I have done it. I have simply endeavored to speak for that college, which so many of us believe in, and which is the child of this Commonwealth; and I trust that in after years there will be classes of young men sent out from those halls to the hills of Berkshire, who can hold an agricultural meeting, here, in this town, from which only exact knowledge and the best science will flow, for the developing and beautifying of a prosperous agriculture.

[*For the Massachusetts Ploughman.*]

The New Town of Everett.

The first town meeting in this town was held on Monday, the 21st inst., in the vestry of the Congregational meeting-house, for the purpose of choosing town officers. The meeting was called to order, and the warrant read by James G. Foster, Esq., and prayer was offered by Rev. A. L. Bryant. A. H. Evans was then chosen Moderator and J. H. Cannell, clerk pro tem.

The following gentlemen were chosen as town officers:

Town Clerk—J. H. Cannell.
Treasurer—Daniel Emmons.
Selectmen—A. W. Van Voorhis, E. B. Loring, P. R. Pratt, W. H. Loundsbury, and G. W. Pierce.
Assessors—James G. Foster, Wm. Johnson, and Otis Merriam.
Overseers of the Poor—The same as selectmen.
School Committee—George W. Mayhall, C. F. Atwood, James G. Foster, Wilson Quint, J. H. Whitman and H. M. Currier.

☞ The Home Savings Bank, in Boston, in the New Masonic Temple, corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, has commenced business with the most gratifying success, receiving during the first twenty-five days in deposits the sum of one hundred and twelve thousand dollars. The officers and board of trustees are well known business men, and under their management it is one of the safest institutions of the kind. Six per cent. interest is guaranteed, and all money deposited commences to draw interest from the first day of every month. See the advertisement in this paper.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1870.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES.

A meeting of the Trustees of the New England Agricultural Society, to consider the location of the Fair for the present year, and other matters connected with the interests of the Society, will be held at the Parker House, in the City of Boston, on Monday Evening, March 28th at seven o'clock.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, Sec'y.

Boston, March 14th, 1870.

One Word More for the Protection of Animals.

The meeting of the friends of dumb animals at Horticultural Hall, on Tuesday next, promises to be one of profound interest and permanent value in its influence. Eloquent speakers will be present to lay the true objects of the Protection Society before the public in the most impressive form, and to declare the most effectual methods of securing their success. It has come at length to be admitted that no civilization is worthy of its pretensions, which lies open to a charge of indifference to the welfare of dumb dependent animals. They form a part of the great system by increasing human comforts and contributing to the general service. In such a view, they have positive claims for protection. A body of our foremost men and women have resolutely taken their cause in hand. They demand the passage of laws that will everywhere secure animals from abuse and cruel negligence. The meeting of next Tuesday will clearly set forth the precise intent and aims of the Society. It would be a reproach to the community, if its appeals were not responded to with a prompt and universal sympathy.

It is time that this cause was heard on its simple merits. The animal creation have had no advocates and defenders until now. A civilized society is waking up to consider their claims. If men have any right to their service, they are bound to requite them for it with kind, and even generous treatment. It is all the wages we allow them, and if we from choice compel brutes to become our dependants, we are bound by every known rule to deal by them kindly, courting their confidence and securing their affection. This is the ground assumed by the association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which holds its annual meeting at Horticultural Hall, on the 29th. A crowded attendance should betray the interest of a truly civilized and humane community.

A Five Year Favor.

A proposition has been introduced into the State Senate, that all couples who have managed to live together for five years, shall for that reason have the free privilege of suing for divorce whenever it is their pleasure! It is a deserved satire on the license that is practised in the application for and granting of divorces under the existing system. But is satire potent enough to cure an evil so widespread as to threaten to become radical? It might be said of large numbers that they marry merely for the sake of separating afterwards. The really true and devoted pairs who realize the sacredness of their mutual obligations, will smile at a proposal which is obliquely allowed to hit them in order to knock down those who are their very opposites. Marriages is still a divine institution, let it be trampled upon by the thoughtless as it may. There will always be enough happy marriages in the world to prove the sanctity of the relation. Would that so slight an arrow as has just been shot in the Massachusetts Senate might hit the white of an evil for whose remedy few understand the true conditions.

The Oneida Disaster.

By the arrival of the Chinese steamer at San Francisco last Saturday, we have [illegible] the disaster to the Oneida, and the investigation before the Court, occupied the attention of the whole foreign community. We have received as yet no full details of the testimony, but the final sentence of the court was only the suspension of Capt. Eyre of the Bombay, for six months. Our minister insisted on his arrest and detention for a trial on a criminal charge. Much indignation at the sentence was felt among Americans. Our own naval authorities had determined to hold a court of naval inquiry to get in the testimony of the survivors from the Oneida. Only two bodies have been found, those of Capt. Williams and of the carpenter.

Congress.

In the Senate the debate on the Georgia bill has been continued. Mr. Revels the colored member from Mississippi made his maiden speech, a large audience being in attendance to listen to it. He made a very good impression, delivering it from manuscript, and was congratulated by many members, especially the republicans.

The House has passed the deficiency bill, and has been engaged somewhat in debate upon tariff. The military committee reported upon the matter of the cadetship appointment by Mr. Butler of Tennessee, with the evidence, showing that Mr. Butler had received $2300 for the appointment, and Mr. Butler's statement that it was all spent for political purposes. Half the committee recommended expulsion, and half a vote of censure. A vote was taken without debate, and on the resolution to expel, it stood 102 to 68, not a two-thirds vote which is required. The resolution of censure was adopted unanimously. One would suppose that a member of Congress with any ideas of propriety, would resign under the circumstances. He has not yet sent in his resignation.

Revenue Defalcation. Collector Bailey of the thirty-second collection district in New York, suddenly disappeared last week under very suspicious circumstances, and an investigation of the affairs of his office was at once instituted. It is stated that he is a defaulter to the amount of $200,000. Mr. Bailey is a native of New Hampshire, and was formerly a teacher in one of our Boston schools. He has been a very energetic officer, and regarded as a model government official. He has been very active in instituting prosecutions of others for violations of the revenue laws, and is believed to have pocketed large sums in various ways which do not appear on his books.

The Historic Genealogical Society.—This society held its quarter-century celebration last Friday, at the Horticultural Hall. The President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, was in the chair, and made some graceful and appropriate remarks on introducing the orator of the day, Rev. E. F. Slafter. The address of that gentleman gave a history of the origin, growth and purposes of the society. The society have accomplished a large amount of valuable labor, and have a valuable library on New England History. They are now engaged in raising a fund of $25,000 to pay for a building for their library.—There was a large attendance of members and others, nearly every seat being occupied.

The Battle of Gettysburg. One of the finest historical paintings ever exhibited in Boston is now on view at the store of A. A. Childs & Co., 127 Tremont street. It represents the grand charge of Longstreet the repulse of which decided the three days, battle. James Walker is the artist who has painted this great work, and it was executed from sketches and suggestions by Col. John B. Batchelder, who was engaged in the battle. The painting is on a large scale, and it is much admired by artists and the public. Its artistic and scenic merits, together with the subject, will make it a very popular exhibition.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' ASYLUM.

Congress have recently passed bills the effect of which will be to pass over from the treasury for the benefit of the National Asylum for Disabled Soldiers nearly five million dollars, which was the accumulation of a multitude of fines, forfeitures, uncalled for bounties, deserters' pay and bounties, and from other sources, which had lain in the treasury since the war. Gen. Butler, in his zeal for the cause of the disabled and invalid soldiers, at length obtained the bill to secure this magnificent sum to add to the already large endowment of these institutions, and to place them on the most liberal footing.

A recent report made to Congress states that the expenditures for the erection and support of the different Asylums last year amounted to about $700,000, of which $148,241 were expended on the Eastern Branch located at Augusta, Maine, where the board of managers are putting up suitable buildings for the accommodation of the invalids in this section. When completed they will accommodate six hundred beneficiaries, and by summer still further accommodations will be furnished, sufficient for a thousand. The institution is under the charge of Gen. William S. Tilton, a disabled officer of the war, with a fine record, and of excellent qualifications for his position. We observe that Congress have re-elected Gen. Butler president of the national board having charge of these asylums throughout the country, and so long as he is at its head there is no fear that any great abuses will be suffered in their management.

The country owes an incalculable debt to its disabled defenders in the late war, and too much cannot be done to show its gratitude. Besides the large annual sum applied to the payment of pensions, these asylums now established in different parts of the country, under the liberal endowments and fostering care of Congress, will go a great way towards alleviating the misfortunes of those suffering invalids. Let no one feel ashamed to accept the nation's bounty offered in these asylums. Many are cared for by their friends and families, but there are numbers, and those not small, to whom those provisions are their only resource against want and exposure. It was a wise and noble foresight which laid the foundation of this national charity.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The license bill which passed the House by a large majority, failed in the Senate by a vote of 17 for to 23 against. It had one day's debate. The Senate has also thrown out the bill for legalizing the opening of public libraries Sundays. It is stated that the finance committee will report a bill for a State tax of $3,600,000, which is $1,100,000 larger than last year. A bill has been reported in the Senate for the annexation of Charlestown to Boston. The House has passed a bill providing that husbands and wives may be witnesses, for and against one another in civil and criminal cases. The public park special committee have reported a bill for the laying out of one or more public parks in or near the city of Boston, providing for the appointment by the Governor of four commissioners, and for the election by the City Council of four additional gentlemen who, with the Mayor of the city, shall constitute a Board of Park Commissioners, and shall have power to locate in or near the city a public park, and may take or hold land for that purpose. The act provides that the law shall not take effect unless accepted by a majority of the voters of the city at a meeting to be held on the first Tuesday in June next.

MAINE ITEMS.

A resolve has finally passed the Maine Legislature in favor of the State Agricultural College, which however met with considerable opposition. It provides for an appropriation of $50,000, which amount includes the $28,000 that was appropriated last year on certain conditions which were not fulfilled. An effort was made to cut down the sum to $28,000, which failed, the friends of the institution rallying at all points and securing the appropriation that was asked for.

The Committee on State valuation have made a report which was accepted, including the valuation lists, by the special valuation commission, of the wild lands in the State, which number 8,666,487 acres, valued at $5,156,356. Aroostook county contains the largest portion of the public domain, which numbers 2,713,992 acres, valued at $1,155,591. Piscataquis county comes next, numbering 1,953,719 acres, valued at $1,442,600. Somerset county is next, numbering 1,632,160 acres, valued at $942,450. No change or alteration was made by the committee in the report of the valuation commission, which was adopted by the Legislature without any alteration or change.

When Maine entered the Union her population was 298,385. In the past century it has much more than doubled, being now about 700,000. In the meantime she has sent abroad more than 100,000 of her people. According to her census of 1860 there were then living no less than 119,784 natives of Maine in other States and Territories of the Union. About 43,041 were residing in Massachusetts, while only 96 had found homes in South Carolina.

FIRES.

A fire broke out last Saturday evening in Gore Block, a large four story brick building used for manufacturing purposes, situated at the corner of Green and Pitts streets. The fire broke out in the fourth story, and entirely destroyed that and the roof. It extended partly into the third story, and the whole building and contents were flooded with water. The whole damage was about $50,000. One of the firemen was much injured by missing his way while in the building and became nearly suffocated. Mr. Bagley of one of the fire companies was much hurt and otherwise injured in rescuing him.

Last Monday at New Orleans the steamboat New York, from Bayou Bartholomew, with 900 bales of cotton, and the steamboat Charles H. Zurfree, from St. Louis, were burned at the foot of Bienville street. Losses $150,000. Twenty small houses in the square, bounded by Moseles Annette, Good Children and St. Bernard streets, were burned. Loss $50,000.

The Marshall Brothers' organ manufactory at Ripon, Wisconsin, was burned Saturday. Loss $12,000; insured $5,000.

Friday afternoon the house of Harvey Bicknell, situated about one mile south of Sharon Village, Vt., was burned, together with sheds, barn and all outbuildings on the premises. One young horse, one cow and one hog were also burned. The destruction of the house was so rapid that $115 in currency was burned, it being impossible to reach it. Loss about $1,800; insured for $1,000.

Fair Association. A number of citizens of Northern Ohio have been incorporated into a society by the name of the Northern Ohio Fair Association, for the purpose of making liberal attractive preparations for an exhibition at Cleveland of live stock, agricultural, horticultural, mechanical, and other home products, annually. They invite co-operation of all in and out of their State to aid in promoting these most desirable objects, disclaiming all feeling of local or sectional jealousy or rivalry. For the general purposes of the institution they are chartered with a capital stock of $300,000, divided into shares of $50 each, so as to enlist the largest number in their enterprise, but do not anticipate calling for more than thirty-five per cent of the stock. It is expected to be a dividend paying institution.

FLORIDA.

LETTER NO. V.

Jacksonville, Florida, March 22, 1870.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In my last letter, your printer makes me say that the population of Florida in 1860 was about six thousand. It was only a portion of the southern part of this State, embracing twenty thousand square miles, that I intended this population to cover. The population of the whole State, in 1860, was about one hundred and forty thousand, one-half of which was colored. Again, instead of William Edwards having an orange grove of seventy-two acres, you should have said seventy-two trees, which will make quite a difference. The largest orange grove in the State is situated on the east coast, near Cape Carnaveral and is known as Dummit's Grove, from the name of the proprietor. This grove has some thirteen hundred and fifty trees in bearing, and has produced seven hundred thousand oranges in a single year. The soil is a light, sandy loam, underlaid with a rotten limestone. There are very few groves in the State, which contain one thousand bearing trees. During the present winter, large preparations have been made to establish extensive young orchards, and the time is not far distant when oranges from Florida will be supplied in abundance for both New York and Boston markets.

The most rapid method of getting bearing trees is by budding the wild orange. As yet, these are abundant and the stocks will continue to be so for years to come. When, however, this supply is exhausted, recourse must be had to propagation from the seed. Grown from the seed, the trees will in three years be from five to six feet high and an inch in diameter. The safest way would be to set out in an orchard and bud these stocks in the same way the wild orange is budded.

No State in the Union can furnish such facilities for cheap transportation as this. The Suwanee, Apalachicola, St. Mary's, and St. John's rivers are all magnificent streams draining an immense country, and furnishing also navigable waters for one of the most productive sections, which can be found in the country, as yet unimproved and unoccupied. The St. John's for more than one hundred and fifty miles from the Atlantic, varies from three-quarters of a mile to a mile or more in width, and is of sufficient depth for first class ocean steamers the entire year, for more than seventy miles above Jacksonville. This vast river is fed entirely by the cold water, which comes from the living springs, which everywhere abound in the Everglades of Florida. So little fall is there to this great river, that the ebb and flow of the tide is noticeable more than one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth.

The whole State is bountifully supplied with pure living springs of water. Some of these springs are so remarkable that they may be visited and examined with as much wonder and curiosity as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or the Natural bridge of Virginia. So grand are some of these springs, that several of them rush at once from the earth, not only making a feeder to a great river, but making the great river itself.

In Williams' History of Florida, I find two of these springs described in these words. "The Wakulla river rises about ten miles northwest of St. Marks, from one of the finest springs in Florida and perhaps in the world. It is of an oval form, the largest diameter of which is about six rods. It is of an unknown depth and perfectly transparent. In looking into it the color resembles a clear blue sky, except near the border, where it has a slight tinge of green, from the reflection of the surrounding verdure, which hangs over it in waving branches and festoons. The eastern side presents a rugged, rocky precipice; all else is an abyss of boundless depth. Thousands of fishes are seen, careering around 'their own world' in perfect security.

"The big spring of Chipola, offers a very different scene. Here also, the river bursts from the earth, with a giant force, from large masses of rugged rocks, with furious rapidity, as though impatient of restraint. The orifice opens from a high swelling bank, scattered over with large oak trees. East and west the orifice may be thirty feet by eight feet wide. A large rock divides the mouth almost in two parts, at a considerable depth below the surface. This spring at once forms a river, six rods wide and eight feet deep, which joins the Chipola river at about ten miles distant."

These remarkable springs, with many others almost equally wonderful, have been visited by hundreds of strangers the present winter. A large company of thirty or more from Brooklyn have just arrived at Jacksonville, and will start from here together to make a thorough exploration of some of the beautiful rivers of Florida.

In looking over the registers of the several hotels in Jacksonville, I find that ninety per cent. of all the travellers are from the Northern and Middle States. A large proportion of the tourists bring their wives or daughters, and the accommodations furnished at nearly all the prominent stopping points, assure the best of entertainment. More Anon.

FOREIGN NEWS SUMMARY.

The English Parliament is now in daily sessions, and we have each morning brief abstracts of the subjects debated. Thus far the condition of Ireland, and various measures for relief, repression, and reconstruction, have been before the Commons. The rural districts of Ireland are in a chronic state of wretchedness, lawlessness, and outrage, and certainly need reconstruction. The national educational bill has been one of the most important bills before the Commons. Its importance and the details involved in it make it a subject of more than usual interest with the British public and legislature. It is not probable that any very broad and comprehensive law will be passed this session. The first attempt of the friends of national education will be to effect an entering wedge. A strong effort is making by liberal members to exclude all sectarianism, and to put the system on the basis of religious equality.

A collision between the mail steamer Normandy and the steamer Mary, from the Danube, has occurred in the Channel off Guernsey coast. The Normandy was sunk, carrying down with her the captain and thirty persons besides. All were lost.

In Paris a meeting of Americans was held last week in honor of the memory of Mr. Burlingame. It was largely attended by the American residents and visitors, and some distinguished Frenchmen were present. Minister Washburne presided and made a speech, paying tribute to the political and social qualifications of Mr. Burlingame, who, he said, had been his friend since 1855. The Rev. Mr. Lampson read resolutions of eulogy and condolence. Ex-Governor Bullock of Massachusetts in an eloquent discourse, gave the history of the life and services of the deceased, dwelling upon his last famous mission and its accomplishment.

On Monday the High Court of Justice assembled at Tours, France, for the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the killing of Victor Noir. The occasion was a solemn one, and the trial commenced in the ordinary way by the examination of witnesses. Rochefort was sent for from his prison in Paris.

It is reported that another Japanese embassy is about starting on a tour through Europe and America.

At Madrid affairs do not undergo any perceptible change. The Cortes and the ministry are likely to break up again.

The controversy among the newspapers relative to the cession of Cuba to the United States continues. Some argue that now the insurrection there is nearly quelled, and the dignity of Spain properly asserted, that it would be better to cede Cuba, and thus avoid internal trouble hereafter. The opponents advise these not to crave for gold, but for Spanish interests, and others still are opposed to all agitation of the question at present.

READ AND RUN.

— Gen. Jordan has been executing another brilliantly successful movement against the Spanish army in Cuba, by leading it into an ambush.

— The annexation of San Domingo is not likely to become accomplished with the constitutional approval of the Senate.

— There is a glut of logs in the hands of the Maine lumbermen, who think they will keep back a large part of the supply from the market until another year.

— There is considerable disputing between the losers by the recent fires in Bangor, and the insurance companies.

— The projected Connecticut Valley Railroad is to be built from Hartford to Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, a distance of forty-four miles; and the expectation is that it will be completed some time next year.

— The flight of Collector Bailey from New York has furnished a local sensation of the first magnitude.

— The assay of gold by the Bank of England will for the future be by thousandths, instead of carats.

— Tours is choked with people who have come in by every train to witness the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the murder of Victor Noire.

— The Yale Crew is in training for its contest next summer with Harvard, on Lake Quinsigamond.

— Very damaging charges have been brought against the New Haven, Conn., chief of Police, which the City Board has taken it in hand to investigate.

— The Pope has not yet answered the demand of France for the admission of a representative to the Council now in session at Rome.

— Nitro glycerine has been making fearful havoc in New Jersey, owing to the carelessness of some workmen engaged in handling it.

— The report to Congress on the condition of the National Asylums for disabled soldiers, not only asserts that those institutions are properly administered, but that there is no excuse for an honorably discharged and well behaved soldier's grinding a street organ in order to provide against want.

— The son of Mr. Burlingame has been kindly received at the Prussian Court.

— Congressmen are engaged in making the most bizarre selections possible of candidates for West Point.

— Cotton is coming forward at the leading ports for export at a much larger rate than last year.

— The bishops and clergy of Spain are by decree to be required to swear to support the new Constitution—whatever that may be taken to be.

— Gore Block, at the head of Green street in this city, is once more reduced by fire to a rather chaotic state.

— The movement is a very strong one to induce Congress to aid with a subsidy the proposed line of ocean steamers from New York to the several Mediterranean ports and the Isthmus of Suez.

— Richmond is in a confusion of bloody troubles, in making a change from the old form of government to the new.

— The body of the heroic Capt. Williams of the Oneida, has been given up by the deep. The noble example of the brave men who went down to death with their devoted vessel, will be illustrious till the last hour of naval history is recorded.

— Opera in Boston has been enjoying a most brilliant and successful season. Two such prima donnas as Miss Kellogg and Miss Phillips ought to carry all before them by storm.

— Paper hanging—executions at the hands of the journals.

— The Marquis de Lousada, for twelve years British Consul at this port, died on Saturday last at his residence, from cancerous affection of the stomach.

— The book trade is breaking forth with a list of most lively publications, which rejoice the eyes and hearts of all lovers of books.

— Don't fail to attend, all who can do so, the meeting of the Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals, on Tuesday next, at Horticultural Hall. There is to be some speaking of genuine excellence.

— The elderly gentleman of eighty years at West Chelmsford, who killed six crows the other day at a single shot, is justly proud of a performance which not every young man can hope successfully to rival.

—The question of permitting cities and towns to open public libraries within the limits of their authority, on Sundays, is exciting wide and warm discussion both in the Legislature and the columns of the press.

— There is at present taking place a very general movement among the Boston hotel proprietors and elegant quarters being provided than the old ones.

— Capt. Broughton beats everybody else all hollow in Portland as a player at checkers.

— Dummy engines are to be tried in place of horses in Norwich, Conn., to propel the street cars.

— Cavendish, Vt., accepts the library of the late Judge Richard Fletcher, of this city, which consists of three thousand volumes. A donation of two thousand dollars goes with it.

— Forging by the alteration of figures on bank checks, appears to be the favorite style of swindling just now in New York.

— A young murderer of nineteen years has expiated his crime on the scaffold, at Little York, New York.

— A pair of steers weighing seven thousand pounds delight the reflections of beef-admiring Pennsylvania.

— The Cardiff Giant is still the theme of active speculation, if not himself a speculator.

— St. Louis boasts of a four thousand foot artesian well, costing one hundred thousand dollars and yielding no water as yet.

— Anna Dickinson thoughtfully sent Susan B. Anthony, on her fiftieth birthday, a silk dress and two hundred dollars as a token of her esteem.

— The Suez Canal is insisted on as a decided success, and by an American engineer.

— The Pacific coast is sending salmon and other dainties to the Atlantic side, and we are engaged in returning the compliment in full.

— The women of Kansas, some of them, break bad eggs on their slanderers, which is decidedly 'omiletic.

— Ole Bull is set down as about to marry a lady of Wisconsin.

— Stovepipe hats are not so high as they have been,—in price, we mean.

— Ex-Gov. Bullock was last reported present at a ball at the Tuileries.

— The Connecticut tobacco fields have turkeys to scour them which were driven all the way from Ohio.

— Cadetships are found some of them to be caky vessels.

— Think of a hundred and fifty million saw logs being cut in the St. Croix Valley, Minn., the past winter.

— Cypress wood makes pavement in New Orleans.

— Anarchy still rules in Hayti, and the ruler who deposed and shot Salnave is now on the same anxious seat himself.

— Friday is the favorite wedding day in San Francisco.

— The Legislature is going to allow Boston to have a Park and another Board of Street Commissioners.

— The prices of jewelry are about twenty-five per cent less than they were a year ago.

— Anna Dickinson disappointed an Ohio audience by her train's running off the track.

— The heavy dry goods men in New York are making a decided flutter over prints at ten cents per yard.

— The accident at the French Catholic Church at Fall River was distressing beyond description.

— The revolutionists in Mexico are reported to have been defeated with heavy loss.

— There has been a pugilistic fight between two members of the Pennsylvania Senate.

— Spring has finally come along, and all the snow that stays late you can put in the corner of the lot.

— Prof. Goldwin Smith is advising the English to emigrate to Virginia.

— The New York bankers and brokers refuse to certify checks under a thousand dollars, on account of recent forgeries.

— There are all sorts of chaos and confusion in the Madrid government.

— If the bill now introduced into Parliament passes, it is declared that it will be equivalent to placing Ireland in a state of seige.

— The stove in the railway car in which Patti was travelling from St. Petersburg set fire to the car, and she narrowly escaped death by burning.

— Bath has just set up a new city government.

— Utah is to be reconstructed by Congress on a monogamic basis.

— An Indian Bill is now before Congress, with a plan to reform the whole structure of our Indian administration.

— Judge Bradley has finally been confirmed as the last Supreme Court Judge nominated.

— The Spanish government has eighty-nine vessels of war around Cuba.

— A keg of gold has been unearthed, belonging to the Bank of Tennessee.

— It is rumored that three million, six hundred thousand dollars in taxes will be called for this year by Massachusetts.

— The Boston Board of Underwriters have appointed as Agent, Capt. Comfort Whiting, of Manomet Point, South Plymouth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ The *American Naturalist* is a popular illustrated Magazine of Natural History, published by the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem.—Its articles are written by gentlemen who are acknowledged authorities on the subjects which they discuss, and its pages present treatises on a great variety of subjects appropriate to the scope of the work, illustrated as occasion requires. It is one of the most valuable publications of the kind in the country. The February number completed volume third and has an index. The March number opens a new volume with some very interesting articles. $4 00 a year. Crosby & Damrell, 100 Washington street, have it.

☞ *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* has recently been enlarged, each number containing 160 pages of matter, and its compactness enables them to offer more for the same money than any of the monthlies. The number for April has several choice illustrated articles as well as a tempting variety of practical and historical articles, and essays, tales, sketches, &c. Its large circulation in these times of strong competition, proves that it holds its own as well adapted to suit the popular tastes.

☞ The *Galaxy* for April has some very choice articles. Besides the continuation of Reade's novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," there is one on "Raymond and Patterson," "Letters from Havana," "Ten Years in Rome," "Eugenie, Empress of the French," "The Future of New York," and others. The *Galaxy* is not surpassed by any of our magazines in the brilliancy, ability and value of its articles.

☞ We have received from A. Williams & Co., at the "Old Corner" bookstore, corner of Washington and School streets, *Putnam's Magazine* for April, with articles entitled American Dress, A Queen of Society, A Night on the Mississippi, Insect Life in Winter, The New South, Mary Russell Mitford, and other fresh, timely and valuable articles.

☞ The monthly part for March of *Oliver Optic's Magazine* for boys and girls is now completed. It contains the new story by Oliver Optic, "Bear and Forbear," concluded stories and sketches by popular writers, dialogues, declamations, puzzles, rebuses. There are also some very fine illustrations. The price is 25 cents.

☞ The bright, elegant, sparkling *Riverside Magazine for April*, has some of the prettiest and most artistic illustrations and articles and sketches, which will engage the most intense interest of the juveniles. Published by Hurd & Houghton, at $2 50 a year.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for April has an elegant frontispiece and brilliant fashion plates. The literary matter, the domestic department, and the fancy work patterns and instructions, all combine to make *Godey's* popular in every household where there is a lady of taste.

☞ The *Atlantic Monthly* for April has an attractive list of articles, essays, tales, sketches, among which are some by our best scholars and local writers. The *Atlantic* is always fresh, sprightly, and the highest taste and judgment preside over its editorial table.

☞ *Our Young Folks* for April has capital articles for the juveniles, with most artistic illustrations. Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes an article entitled, "Rye's Sisters." "How Battles are Fought," is a stirring article for boys. The number opens with chapter four of Mrs. Whitney's popular tale entitled, "We Girls;" a home story. We can always recommend *Our Young Folks* as one of the best of its kind.

☞ *The Nursery* for April, published by John L. Shorey, is a perfect effusion of fine engravings and the most sprightly matter for the very young. Good as a new Mother Goose every month.

☞ *The Annual of Scientific Discovery*, or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1870, published by Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington street, Boston, is replete with matter interesting to farmers and others, as it treats on Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, &c.

☞ *Harpers' Weekly, Bazar Magazine*, and *Harpers' Bazar* premiums to their subscribers every week the most artistic and attractive pictorial embellishments. Both also have the highest literary merits, and the *Bazaar* especially is the especial favorite of the ladies, for its good taste, its articles and hints on fashion and dress.

☞ *Linaide Farm*, by Mrs. J. F. Moore, published by Henry Hoyt, is a prettily illustrated description of life on a farm, as shown in the growth and education of a young family on an estate in the country. A fine story for the young.

New Music.—O. Ditson & Co., music publishers, Boston, have just issued several very artistic pianoforte compositions, among which are *Under Full Sail*, a galop, by Rud. Piefke. *The Birds will Come Again*, a polka mazurka, by Thomas Baker. *Soffri e Pace*, a reverie, by Geo. W. Thompson; and *Sparkling Fountain*, a reverie, by J. W. Turner. We have also received the comic song, *I Saw Esau Kissing Kate*, and *Silvery Bells*, by W. F. Wellman, Jr., as sung by the Zaristowski sisters.

A NEW RAILROAD.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The General Court has been petitioned for a railroad from the Lowell and Lawrence road at Tewksbury Centre via North Billerica, Bedford, Concord, Wayland, Framingham, Ashland, and Hopkinton to Milford, where it will connect with the Milford and Woonsocket road, and thus form a new and direct route from the Merrimac to the Blackstone valleys. It will not only open immediate communication between the great manufacturing cities of Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell on the one hand, with the large and thriving towns of Hopkinton, Milford, Woonsocket, Pawtucket, and the city of Providence on the other, but will afford a new and shorter route from Portland to New York. It is to run along the eastern b

CATTLE MARKET.

...ceipts for the week 5183 head, ... generally favored buyers, and ...dium 13@14; prime 15@15½; ...

...mproved and advanced ½c; re... 14 head; common to fair sheep ... 8@9½c; ... ly; Receipts—10,657 head. Quo... 12; medium 11@11½c.

CATTLE MARKET.

... receipts of beeves was about ... and the market dull, though ...ance of half a cent from last ... and extra sheep, and one-fourth ...ality, the highest price being 9c.

...e light, with sales at last week's ...

...ep, quality fair, and the supply ...advance from last week was ob... mon to fair, 5@6½c; fair to ...e quiet, with sales of store pigs, ...

CATTLE MARKET

...gs at the scales during the past ... head, against 1,760 last week, ...824 head came from Ohio, 75 ...ast Virginia, and 35 from In... and Ohio Railroad, and 15 from ...he receipts 519 head were taken ...by Washington and Annapo... sold to speculators and other ...e were reshipped to the East ...ets. Prices ranged as follows ...s at 3 2@4 00; ordinary thin ...4 00@5 00; fair quality brown ...very best brown at 7 00@8 62½; ...price being about $6 00 gross, ...full and without any material ...last week.

...during the past week has been ...the market dull at a decline of ...sters. Prices ranged as follows ...ir to good fat sheep, ... fully supplied during the ...a very dull market, at a decline ...e rates of last week. Prices ...full, at $11 00@12; corn fed at ...et.

CATTLE MARKET.

...the week" were as follows ...3,500 to 1,000 lbs average and ...s (o; good to choice steers at ...ers, $6 25@7 00; medium to fair ...00 @), common mixed stock, ...

...the week were 14,200 head, and ...ly. The light supply, however, ...ers, it being a decided advance ...ices receding fully 50@75c per ...ers were made cheap at $5 40 ...grades of 250 to 300 lbs aver... common to medium, sheep, ...e same time inferior inquiry ...75, as to quality, breed and ...

...as not urgent, and business ...ughout the week, the ruling ...for good to choice mutton lots, ...on to fair grades.

WOOL MARKET.

...have to note another week of ...ng up a smaller aggregate than ...ast. This is, doubtless, partly ...weather, which has prevented ...but, neither has this cause, the ...in the present depressed con... is really very light. ...ther wool this the most ...d the fall prices realized before ...ast were it not for the circum... of the Boston and Lowell, and, ...d the West completely ...prices would be apt to decline ...ent, which are being ...ctures, to induce Congress to ...duty staple, tend, also, ...t keep out buyers. ...of fleece wool, showing the ...ed during the season, and ...be able to dictate terms ...d to consider any demand for ...ur supplies of material, can ...are forced to, at the ...necessarily submit to a loss.

...he fleece wools continues to ...ve to the corresponding ...ast year. We are selling ...e supply of pulled wools on ...ge growths of Western largely ...e and Texas wools are in ...currency prices.—Com. Bulletin.

FISH MARKET.

...ish at 5c; 50 @ ...ish at 6c; 50 @ ...ish at 7c; 50 @ ...ish at 8c; 50 @ ...ish at 9c; 50 @ ...ish at 10c; 50 @ ...ish at 11c; 50 @ ...ish at 12c; 50 @ ...ish at 13c; 50 @ ...ish at 14c; 50 @ ...ish at 15c; 50 @ ...ish at 16c; 50 @ ...ish at 17c; 50 @ ...ish at 18c; 50 @ ...ish at 19c; 50 @ ...ish at 20c; 50 @ ...ish at 21c; 50 @ ...ish at 22c; 50 @ ...ish at 23c; 50 @ ...ish at 24c; 50 @ ...ish at 25c; 50 @ ...ish at 26c; 50 @ ...ish at 27c; 50 @ ...ish at 28c; 50 @ ...ish at 29c; 50 @ ...ish at 30c; 50 @ ...ish at 31c; 50 @ ...ish at 32c; 50 @ ...ish at 33c; 50 @ ...ish at 34c; 50 @ ...ish at 35c; 50 @ ...ish at 36c; 50 @ ...ish at 37c; 50 @ ...ish at 38c; 50 @ ...ish at 39c; 50 @ ...ish at 40c; 50 @ ...ish at 41c; 50 @ ...ish at 42c; 50 @ ...ish at 43c; 50 @ ...ish at 44c; 50 @ ...ish at 45c; 50 @ ...ish at 46c; 50 @ ...ish at 47c; 50 @ ...ish at 48c; 50 @ ...ish at 49c; 50 @ ...ish at 50c; 50 @ ...ish at 51c; 50 @ ...ish at 52c; 50 @ ...ish at 53c; 50 @ ...ish at 54c; 50 @ ...ish at 55c; 50 @ ...ish at 56c; 50 @ ...ish at 57c; 50 @ ...ish at 58c; 50 @ ...ish at 59c; 50 @ ...ish at 60c; 50 @ ...ish at 61c; 50 @ ...ish at 62c; 50 @ ...ish at 63c; 50 @ ...ish at 64c; 50 @ ...ish at 65c; 50 @ ...ish at 66c; 50 @ ...ish at 67c; 50 @ ...ish at 68c; 50 @ ...ish at 69c; 50 @ ...ish at 70c; 50 @ ...ish at 71c; 50 @ ...ish at 72c; 50 @ ...ish at 73c; 50 @ ...ish at 74c; 50 @ ...ish at 75c; 50 @ ...ish at 76c; 50 @ ...ish at 77c; 50 @ ...ish at 78c; 50 @ ...ish at 79c; 50 @ ...ish at 80c; 50 @ ...ish at 81c; 50 @ ...ish at 82c; 50 @ ...ish at 83c; 50 @ ...ish at 84c; 50 @ ...ish at 85c; 50 @ ...ish at 86c; 50 @ ...ish at 87c; 50 @ ...ish at 88c; 50 @ ...ish at 89c; 50 @ ...ish at 90c; 50 @ ...ish at 91c; 50 @ ...ish at 92c; 50 @ ...ish at 93c; 50 @ ...ish at 94c; 50 @ ...ish at 95c; 50 @ ...ish at 96c; 50 @ ...ish at 97c; 50 @ ...ish at 98c; 50 @ ...ish at 99c; 50 @ ...ish at $1 00; 50 @ ...ish at $1 01; 50 @ ...ish at $1 02; 50 @ ...ish at $1 03; 50 @ ...ish at $1 04; 50 @ ...ish at $1 05; 50 @ ...ish at $1

The Poet's Corner.

LENT.

Yet forty days! O merciful God!
Thou givest this time for repentance and prayer;
Like the people of Nineveh, grant we may turn
From the broadway of evil, the by-way of care!

Yet forty days! Pride sits like a King
Ruling the court with tyrannical sway—
Disrobed and uncrowned, it must kneel at thy feet,
Else its throne and its power shall crumble away.

Yet forty days! In sackcloth and tears,
With hearts keenly bruised 'neath the penitent rod,
Let us weep o'er the follies and sins of the past,
Let us grieve o'er the shadow between us and God!

Yet forty days! Give alms to the poor—
Thy brother forgive, hear the lone orphan's cry—
Bury contention—spurn malice and pride—
Thus the fiat shall pass—Thy soul shall not die!

Yet forty days! Ah! the hours will pass
Swift as the river that flows by the shore!
Embalm them with mercy—perfume them with prayer;
Make them a bond for the pardon in store!

—*New Orleans Sunday Times.*

THE SPARROW.

"He providentially caters for the sparrow."—*Shakspeare.*

A sparrow lighted chirping on a spray
Close to my window, as I knelt in prayer,
Bowed by a heavy load of anxious care.
The morn was bitter, but the bird was gay,
And seemed by cheery look and chirp to say—
What though the snow conceals my wonted fare,
Nor I have barn or storehouse anywhere,
Yet I trust Heaven even on a Winter's day.
That little bird came like a winged text
Flattering from out God's Word to soothe my breast.
What though my life with Wintry cares be vext,
On a kind Father's watchful love I rest;
He meets this moment's need, I leave the next,
And always trusting shall be always blest!

—*Unitarian Herald.*

Ladies' Department.

From the Atlantic Monthly for April.

AN ALPINE HOME.

If my poor mother as a good Catholic had not acted very wisely in consenting that I should be sent to school in Germany, she scarcely chose a better part when I came home to Mantua infected with Protestantism to such a degree that I abhorred with youthful ardor, not only the confessional, but all the officers of her religion, and in accompanying her to church never could be got farther than the doors. The case is a very common one in Italy now, but thirty years ago affairs were different. Converts to Protestantism were rare, and the *laissezfaire* treatment was by no means in favor. A family and ecclesiastical council was held concerning me; and it was decided that nothing would do me so much good as some months' probation in the cell of a convent, where I could enjoy perfect quiet without the distractions of books or society. This decision was made known to me by accident; in fact, I overheard it; and being only eighteen years old, and absurdly in earnest about personal liberty and the freedom of religious opinion, I could not bring myself to look upon it with equanimity. I ran away from home that night; and pursuing my northward journey through Lombardy, up the Lake of Como, and across the Septimer, I stood at last with my hand on the railing of the stile that formally separated Austrian Italy from Switzerland. At this important moment, when I thought to leave my troubles behind me forever, two gendarmes, belonging to the little custom house on the frontier, suddenly appeared, crossed their muskets above the plank in front of me, lightly touching me on either shoulder, begged me to take them the pleasure of halting. They had been watching me for some time, they said; they knew I had a companion laden with smuggled goods, and was a lure thrown out to divert them from him; they added that whilst I was making up my mind to tell them where my comrade was, they would trouble me for my passport. "If you should happen to have such a paper," they added, "you can of course go at once."

Now I happened to have no paper of that kind, and I could only surrender myself in despair. The gendarmes marched me off towards their station, putting a hundred questions to me on the way, and among the rest the demand, "Where do you come from?"

"Mantua," was the answer.

"Mantua! I don't know how it is," said one of the gendarmes, "but your voice sounds very much like that of the captain we had when we were stationed at St. Benedetto, not far from Mantua."

A ray of hope broke upon me, and I eagerly asked, "Was it Antonio T. . . . ?"

"Exactly!"

"That is one of my brothers," said I exultantly, "he is in that neighborhood yet." And on the impulse of the moment I poured out my whole story to my captors.

They listened, and when I had done, they laughed, and one said: "Why didn't you mention this at once? We should not have kept you a minute in suspense. It's our custom to handle roughly those who fall into our hands, for spies are often sent to see if we do our duty; but we never arrest, when we can safely avoid it, either deserters or young men flying from the conscription. Many a time we are tempted to go over the bridge ourselves, instead of serving these accursed Austrians. As to the smugglers, we know them too well to act against them, except when Austrian officers are among us; then we show fight, in order not to be betrayed. You can go where you like; but mind that, whatever happens, *you have never seen us.*"

So saying they both shook hands with me. I gladly gave them something to get a good dinner and a bottle of wine in which to drink success to my enterprise, and, stepping lightly over the stile, found myself in Switzerland.

I suppose that any traveller who now chanced to cross the Septimer by that obscure pass, would not find it at all different from what I saw it, nor would he find the mountaineers of the region in the least disturbed or changed by the great events that have taken place during the last thirty years. I am sure, therefore, a sketch of a family of these people as I saw them will have at least the merit of novelty and of fidelity to existing facts.

The Canton Grisons, where I now found myself, is the largest in the Confederation, or as large as Geneva, Zug, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, Solebre, Bale, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, Thurgovia, and Neufchatel put together, but has only about fifteen thousand inhabitants. More than one-half of these are, of course, in the capital and the forty or fifty principal townships, leaving to the square mile for the remainder of the canton some sixteen or seventeen souls. These few thousand Grisons, up to 1848, governed themselves in twenty-six independent, microscopic republics, having each a complete legislative, executive, and judiciary; but in remote times when the Grisons were yet fewer in number, they formed but three leagues, called respectively the League of God, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, and the League *Grisha*, or Gray, from the color of their clothes, and this league gave its name to the whole canton.

My object was to reach some Protestant friends in St. Gall, upon whose hospitality I knew I could rely, and I had arrived in this Canton Grisons, as I have said, by the Septimer, choosing the most direct road because I had neither money nor physical strength in superfluity. Yet the Septimer had not in itself been a delightful anticipation, for I knew that it would take me into the wildest Alpine region and among vast glaciers.

Persons who, in closed and comfortable sleighs, coaches, and, recently, railway carriages, have crossed the Simplon, St. Gothard, Splugen, Mt. Cenis, or any other passes, may suppose that all the Alpine roads are more or less alike. But this is a great mistake. Very few travellers indeed cross the Septimer for two reasons: first, it leads only into wild regions; secondly, the road was and is indescribably bad. That miserable communication between Switzerland and Italy is used mostly, I should say, only by cattle drivers, who sell their stock in Lombardy, in the neighborhood of Lake Como, and by smugglers who know every tree and every stone.

Streams and ravines cross and recross it at every moment, and the hand of man has done nothing for the road, except where it runs quite upon the brink of the precipices. At times all vestiges of a path disappear, and for all guidance you might as well be in the prairies of the West or the untrodden fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

I hurried forward with what speed I could, but my feet soon became so swollen that I could not endure the pressure of my boots, and having slung these over my back, I picked my way barefoot through the snow and frozen gravel. The only relief I found was occasionally afforded by the slippery rocks, polished by ice, rain, snow, and extending across the space between the frequent curves of the path; sliding twenty or twenty-five feet down these would save me ten or twelve minutes' walk; but even this pleasure had its pains, for I could not always stop on the path below, and sometimes brought up in a snow bank or a briery thicket.

The reader who is enamored of this method of travel will regret to learn that the accommodations by the way are poor. His food will be rather worse than that we give to cattle; hair or spring mattresses there are none; and he may be obliged one evening to invite slumber on a bundle of straw, another to stretch his weary limbs in a hay loft, and only where civilization has outdone herself may he have happy dreams on a nice, clean, dry, comfortable heap of oak and ash leaves. The minister or the priest in larger villages may shelter a respectable traveller for one night, but inns or hotels are unknown; for if they existed, who would support them?

Crossing marshy fields, pursuing rough paths, and descending rocky slopes through thorny brakes and primeval forests (I had the misfortune one day to follow the dry bed of a stream which I mistook for a path, and so lost myself in a large wood), coasting, as a New England boy would call it, without a sled down these smooth rocks,—I had left the Septimer behind me, and was one day, after a miserable breakfast, dragging slowly onward. The sun had passed the meridian; the mountain air and the exercise had so sharpened my appetite that it could have competed with the finest razor in keenness; I had become cross and fierce enough to dispute the hind foot of a lamb with a wolf; but I had given up all hopes of finding a human habitation (and it would not have been the first night I had spent in the hollow of a rock), when I reached a very small valley containing a solitary house.

As I eyed the structure, a dreadful doubt seized me; there was no chimney, yet the house was too good for a cattle shed, and besides there were many steps; that decided the matter in my favor. The cabin must have been some thirty or thirty-six feet long, and perhaps twenty feet deep. The walls consisted of round trunks of trees cut within a few feet more or less of the same length, and placed lengthwise one on the top of the other, and fastened here and there with strong wooden pins. The interstices between the logs were filled in with a composition of fine cut straw and mud or clay, which, when dry, makes such walls wind and water tight, and forms a perfect quadrilateral for vermin and insects. When I saw on Boston Common the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, it appeared to me almost the exact counterpart of this Alpine home.

The strangest part of the whole building was the roof. Thick logs took the place of rafters, and in their turn were covered, not with stone flags, shingles, slates, or tiles, but with monstrously thick wooden slabs, also fastened with long pegs; and, in order to resist the wind, which in those valleys sweeps everything before it at times, enormous stones, some of them weighing more than a hundred pounds, were laid on the slabs, and kept from sliding by wooden pegs.

Not having seen any smoke, I waited for some other sign of life about the place, but to no purpose. It harmonized perfectly with the death-like stillness of that whole region.

The cabin had two floors. The lower, a very little digged out of the ground, was divided into two sections, one of which served as a stable, the other as a cellar. The stable, it is true, was at the time empty, and it remained so for the whole summer, the cattle roaming day and night on the mountains; but the cellar, placed at the north end, was nice and cool to keep the milk which was turned into cheese, and the cheese,—article in which on the Swiss Alps in general are of the very best quality, for the cows in those regions eat only aromatic and sweet herbs, and the hay has a better flavor than what is called in America *English* breakfast tea.

The upper floor of such a cabin serves, although in one room, as the dwelling and sleeping apartments of the whole family, no matter how numerous it may be. Those mountaineers have advantage over the Irish peasantry, that while the latter associate directly with their pigs, goats, and hens, the former place a whole floor between man and beast.

Arrived at the door I looked in vain for a latch, or a lock, or anything of the kind. Nothing was visible but a small string, by pulling which a wooden crossbar resting in a wooden catch within is lifted. Even hinges are unknown; but instead there is a round stick fastened at one side of the door and projecting a little at the bottom, playing in two holes there.

I was surprised to see not the least sign of life after I had entered; and I was going out again to look about the house, when a voice startled me, saying in a strange idion, "Why don't you take a seat?" It was the voice of an old man sitting close to an opening which, by a stretch of the imagination could be called a window. A large table stood between him and me, and he was seated on a low stool as roughly put together as the remainder of the furniture. His elbows rested on his knees, and, as he supported his face in both his hands, he looked as immovable as a statue.

A shirt of very coarse material, and a very short pair of knee breeches were all the garments which troubled or protected his person. His tibial bones were covered so parsimoniously with flesh that they seemed dry sticks of wood; his face, although very wrinkled, was so pale that a few steps off, the skin looked like vellum, rather than the human epidermis. The eyesight of this old man was, of course, dim, although that sense had suffered less than his hearing.

"Sit down, stranger," said he, a second time, and complying, I tried to enter into conversation, speaking as loud as a church bell; but I soon perceived that there were other difficulties besides his hearing, for he spoke only "Romansch."

All Switz-rland seems to be inhabited by the descendants of those dreadful sinners who built the tower of Babel, and were turned into hopeless polyglots, and in Switzerland Canton Grisons labors under peculiar difficulties. As far back as the time of Julius Cæsar a Roman colony established itself in Switzerland, and principally in this part of it. Those Romans spoke a corrupt Latin, to which has been added, with years, more corrupt Italian, French and German words. The whole is called, from its origin, the Romansch language, and this was my host's idiom. Every one will, there'ore, believe me when I say that I was obliged to guess at much of what he said.

He made me understand, however, that he had two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were lazy and always loafing in the valleys and at the houses of their neighbors. They were otherwise of very irregular conduct, for after having had some troubles with the magistrates (he meant, I think, that they had been imprisoned), every one avoided them, and now they had gone to serve the king of Naples and the Pope. It has always been the fate of the prince who rules in Naples to have for the protection of his sacred person soldiers who have escaped the prison or the gibbet. Pius IX.'s regiments are richly inlaid with such Canadian, Irish, Swiss and Belgian jewels at this day.

As to his daughters, the old man told me that he was blest in them. He considered them handsome and diligent and pearls of truth and chastity. They were at the moment two or three miles from home, on the mountain, but they would soon return. Towards evening I had in fact the pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of these "pearls," in the shape of two of the hugest masses of womanhood my eyes had ever beheld. One of them measured five feet six inches in height, the other something more, and they were both large in proportion. No two human hands could, no matter how long the fingers, have encircled one of their arms, and as, according to the fashion of the place, their garments reluctantly reached only the upper part of the calf, their nether limbs were seen to be proportionably vast.—Their cheeks were rosy, even scarlet, no doubt, but they were not over-prepossessing.

In one respect Nature had done a good piece of work, she had made them strong, and it was strength, and not beauty, they needed; for when they came home, each of them was loaded with a bundle of hay of such size and weight as a good sized donkey might have been proud to carry over these hills without breaking down.

But I perceive that I have somewhat anticipated their arrival. I was yet alone with the old man, who gave me to understand that it was about ten years since he had lost his wife, who was a great comfort to him, for they loved each other very much, and in saying this, involuntary tears started from his eyes. Since her death life was only a burden to him; every day he wished for the moment when they should place him beside her under the sod.

Although it takes me but a few minutes to write this, it was the work of more than one hour to understand him. I showed due sympathy for him, but I had also the ruthless hunger of a boy, and, at last, I could not refrain from telling him that I was famished, and should be exceedingly glad if he would give me something to eat. In his turn he expressed compassion for me, but he declared that it was out of his power to go to the cellar. To prove this he got up from his seat and walked a few steps, which showed that his legs could scarcely carry him on level ground. His poor old head and neck were buried in his shoulders, so that he looked comparatively a small man, although in his youth he must have been a very tall one.—He begged me to be patient until his girls came in.

Thinking it impertinent to volunteer my services in an exploring expedition to the cellar, I wound up my patience a little more, and made a virtue of necessity. In the meantime he explained to me that his only possessions were a few cows, but that, by selling calves, cheese and butter to men who, except in winter, came regularly for these articles, he could buy all he wanted. He had not much tilled land, just enough for his girls to plant potatoes and wheat for their own use. It was now several years since he had been able, on account of a severe illness, to go out of the house; it was difficult to get a doctor, and the nearest church, where his girls went in summer every Sunday, was eight miles away, unless you crossed a high mountain, which would reduce the road more than half. In winter, almost all communication was cut off by enormous drifts of snow, and his stock of cheese and butter accumulated rapidly.—Horses or mules were not used, the dealers carrying everything on their backs.

He then wanted to know how I came into that valley, adding that he could not remember to have seen for many and many years a stranger like me. I told him very frankly that I had run away from home, and that it was less a matter of choice than of necessity that I had crossed the Septimer, and had gone astray into the bargain. While we were talking the girls came in, loaded, as I have described, with hay, which they had mowed on places, where goats could hardly stand. Later in the evening they showed me an immense heap of wood piled against the house, and told me that they had felled the trees, cross cut them, and split them without help from any one.

But these women at first, instead of seeming glad to see a stranger, frowned upon me, and their looks meant that I should feel myself an intruder. After some explanations from the father, a vast smile dawned upon their broad faces, which made me feel, not exactly at home, but, if we had well understood each other, certainly on speaking terms.

I thanked all the gods of Olympus when I saw one of them take off her wooden shoes, or *sabots*, and go into the cellar for the dinner which was to be supper for me. Waiting her return, I mechanically observed the dress of the other woman, which in all appearance consisted, like that of the man, of two articles only. The garment next her person was buttoned high up in the neck, but had very short sleeves. Her arms were therefore so sunburned that a negress could not have been darker. The other garment was neither too ample nor too long, and was made, like her father's breeches, out of some orange colored woollen stuff. I found out afterwards that all the clothing the family had worn for years was home-spun, home-woven, and home-dyed. Yellow being the favorite color, it is given to a whole piece, from which breeches and dresses are cut. As to the wool, they can keep sheep by the thousands on the mountains; but this family had only a few.

Amidst these observations I was alert to see the other maiden coming up stairs. She bore in her arms a loaf of bread, not very thick one way (some eight or nine inches), but measuring not less than two feet and a half the other. This she took to a large block, similar to those used by butchers, and in a masterly way with an axe (no other instrument could have touched the heart of that bread) split it first in two halves, then into quarters, and then into smaller pieces, with an almost mathematical precision.

What was the composition of the loaf? That is what puzzled me and would have, at first sight, brought to a stand still even Liebig himself. Figure to yourself, at about a few steps off was a mass of hairs, neither green nor blue, but something between the two shades; and I discovered at last that instead of being mouldy bread it was bready mould.

Unconsciously to myself my face must have looked almost equally sour; for the old man, upon some remark from one of the girls, which I could not understand, taking hold of my hands with the authority of a grandfather, said that surely at home I must have been a spoiled child, since I looked with so much diffidence at bread which was nearly fresh, being not yet two months old. They baked only three times a year, and there were loaves enough in the cellar to last two months longer. Toward the end they became, it was a fact, a little sour; but no man in his right sense could find fault with it now, it being yet nice and sweet.

My face must have remained, even after this rebuke, somewhat dubious in expression, for the same daughter who had drawn his attention to me, after having broken some of the bread into morsels and thrown them into one of the large holes which, bowl like, were cut out in the table (dishes and plates being unknown in those regions), and having poured about a quart of milk upon it, with a smiling countenance presented it to me to soak a few minutes, stranger; it will soon be as tender and sweet as sponge cake."

Bread was broken and milk poured into three other holes in the table, which was made of a three inch plank, and fastened by the four legs into the floor, becoming thus a fixture. I think civilization, in this respect, is a few degrees higher in Canton Grisons and on the Bernese Alps, where I travelled afterwards, and where the food is thrown into one huge wooden or earthen bowl, which is placed on a small table in the centre of the room, and out of which father, mother, children, servants, and strangers must all eat.

Letters do not slip more easily or awifly into a letter box than the bread and milk found its way down the throats of the two women. The old man, on the contrary, was very slow, and I was simply a spectator. Potatoes were boiling, and I was waiting to commit an assault upon them, when, putting on a somewhat forced smile, I said to one of the women, that if they would give me a piece of cold meat I would pay for it. "Meat!" (*carn*) was repeated in a trio; and, looking in each other's faces, they burst into laughter which re-echoed several times in the little valley. "Meat," then said one of them, "if you want to see any in this house you must come at Easter or on Christmas Day."

The potatoes were served. They had never ripened, and were green as frogs and as watery as a soaked sponge. At last my hosts, showing the pity they felt for a poor hungry lad, gave me some cheese, and the reader need not doubt that an enormous piece of it was washed down with plenty of milk. The repast put me, for the rest of the evening, in the best of spirits; and my eyes contentedly followed the women at their work, their first care being to wash with boiling water the table, which became as white as snow. A board was then placed over it, to prevent dust and dirt falling into the bowls.

As soon as it grew dark, the old man announced that it was time to go to sleep; he, correctly enough, did not speak of going to bed, because beds there were none in the house. It was a large oblong rectangular room, having lengthwise, on both sides, large benches as fixtures, and above these small windows or holes to admit light, as in a ship's cabin. The table was on one side close to the bench; a few stools completed the parlor furniture. The kitchen was simply a chimney or hearthstone, with a few boards above it in one of the corners, the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the wall close to the roof. The pots and pans used in cooking were fastened to a shain.

To have an idea of the sleeping apartments, one must imagine at the upper end of the enclosure a stable with a double row of stalls, only instead of having a single passage in the centre, those stalls have one passage on each side of the wall, and the occupants' heads would meet in the middle of the room if a board did not separate them. The partitions are five or six feet high and divide spaces or stalls three feet by six or seven. At the foot, the board is only twelve or fifteen inches high; enough to keep as many inches of dried leaves for bedding in their place. There are two passage-ways, for the gentlemen sleep on one side, and the ladies on the other. Several tiers of shelves ornament the whole hall; there being no closets, no chests of drawers, or cabinets to enclose anything.

As it was now almost dark, light was made, not with an oil lamp or candle, but, as in the Black Forest of Germany, with a resinous piece of wood wedged between two stones, which are fixed for that purpose in the wall. These sticks are about two feet long and half an inch thick, and burn from ten to fifteen minutes; the smell is pleasant, the smoke not quite so; and the light is as strong as that of three ordinary candles.

I wrapped up myself in my blanket, and was meditating the comforts or discomforts of the Alpine life when sleep fell upon me; and the next morning I rose, much fresher than if I had spent the night upon a bed of down, and resumed my pilgrimage.

☞ A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but, when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning, so I determined in future to thunder less and lighten more."

Biographical.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[*From the Liberal Christian's Review of Mr. Curtis's new work.*]

The extraordinary purity and elevation exhibited in the boyhood and youth of Mr. Webster will delight and surprise many who are accustomed to think of him as a great statesman and brilliant orator and a large minded man of the world. His humility, filial and fraternal love, patience and perseverance, modesty and sobriety; his Puritan morality and piety during the first thirty years of his life, present one of the most charming and instructive models for young men ever furnished by the biography of a man of genius. We know nothing to surpass it in its genuineness and thoroughness, its mingled strength and tenderness, its solemnity and beauty. All his relations with his parents, his brothers and sisters, his teachers and school and college mates, were of the most delicate and thorough-going character, full of gratitude, pathos and principle. It is difficult to believe that the stalwart man, of broad shoulders and portly stomach, standing in grim strength upon those cast-iron limbs, the Daniel Webster we remember so well, was ever a puny, sickly boy, too loosely put together to follow the plough or stand the toils of the hay field; and that he was put to books because he could not be put to the spade and the fork; for in those days the feeble child was usually the predestined scholar in the family. Mr. Webster speaks of his father and brother Ezekiel as having been the two handsomest men he ever saw; but may we not doubt if either of them equalled himself in majesty and splendor of appearance? If ever we realized Shakespeare's description of his manliest heroes, "formed in the prodigality of nature" it was when looking upon Webster!

"The front of Jove himself:
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
* * * *
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

It is encouraging to think that, as some bodies predict the souls that are finally to come forth from them, so some souls make the bodies that are later to clothe them in a fit apparel. Mr. Webster's large heart, magnetic intellect and force of will, the stateliness of his soul and the solidity of his nature, seem to have pressed out, exalted and greatened his physical stature and proportions, until his frame and carriage matched his spirit, and

"His fair, large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule."

Agamemnon, king of men, could not have displayed a more visible title to his place!

Full of promise as Mr. Webster was, even in his school and college days, his powers of thought and fancy, his iron memory and his logical vigor of mind were to have furnished him with no excuse for indolence, no contempt for study and no disrespect or irreverence towards models and masters of reasoning and style. He was a careful and sturdy reader of the few books that fell within his reach, committing largely to memory what he thought valuable, and his appetite seems to have been omnivorous.

He was an early lover of poetry, as well as eloquence. We can see him rising late at night and creeping down stairs to verify a quotation from the "almanac" concerning the turn of which he had held a long dispute with his brother, Zeke, and in his mortification at finding himself wrong, not observing that a spark from his candle had caught upon some light substance in the far off room, which a little later burnt into a flame that roused the household just in time to save the farm-house. It was doubtless lucky he had so few books, for he mastered those he had; gave time and thought to them, and made them a part of himself. This patience and thoroughness he carried into life. When he came to the bar in Mr. Gore's office, he read with a fidelity and zeal then that soon showed what a natural aptitude he had for a profession in which a strong memory, a habit of minute and definite recollection, is almost as priceless as a faculty for sounding first principles and tracing all things to their roots. He relates a case where, after he went to Portsmouth, a blacksmith employed him to institute a suit for a trifling sum, which in a whole month's time to prepare for besides fifty dollars' worth of new law books. He charged the blacksmith $15 for his services, all they were worth to him. But, years after, the knowledge he had acquired in studying the blacksmith's suit came unexpectedly into play in a cause in which Aaron Burr sought Mr. Webster's counsel. He amazed Mr. Burr by the amount and exactness of his legal knowledge in an impromptu opinion, supported by the most ancient and learned citations, and made him pay a round fee for work really done ten years before. We have heard, from a private source, that it was very much so with his famous speech in reply to Mr. Hayne. He made only a few hours of special preparation for it, but rose in the night to consult his Shakespeare about the famous "Banquo" quotation. He told a friend that his chief preparation consisted in writing out a very sparse study of the points in issue—although in another connection—years before, and that he felt calm and equal to the occasion. Yet, said Mr. Webster, "When the hour came, and I found the Senate crammed from pit to dome with an eager and expectant audience, I confess I felt as if all my ideas and powers had suddenly deserted me, in a general thaw and dissolution, and as if my brother's fate (he had fallen dead in the court house) was hanging over me. But, sir, in the moment I rose I solidified, and then I had nothing to do but lift my hand and take the thunderbolts offered me, and hurl them at the enemy."

It was this broad and deep mass of careful, wide and thorough learning, controlled by a powerful and exact memory, vivified by a strong imagination, and set in motion by a passionate heart, that made Mr. Webster's arguments and oratory so masterly, complete and faultless. They had the mingled excellence of the most studied and the most careless utterances, and were, in different senses, thoroughly prepared and wholly extempore. A natural orator, with a voice, a sensibility, a person exactly fitted to the work, he had the attainments of a lawyer, statesman and scholar; the polish of a gentleman; manners exquisitely grateful to woman; and the dainty nicety about words and phrases which only poets and euphuists are supposed to possess.

You could follow Mr. Webster home, and find him only more charming and witty and humorous at his own table or in his intercourse with children and humble friends, than he had been wise, logical and profound in the court house or the Senate chamber. He made the world his study, and all genuine characters drew his attention. Walter Scott had not sweeter and more characteristic intimacies with plebeian neighbors than Mr. Webster.

FAME.

If all who are smitten with the love of fame could become personally acquainted with a few really famous people, their eyes would be speedily opened. They would find that the laurel crowned goddess who seemed so charming and so enchanting to them was utterly ignored and unthought of by those who had secured her smiles. They would find that scarcely any fact appeared of less value to such people than the fact that they were famous. They would find them working hard and painfully for the development of some great idea or the accomplishment of some great task *for its own sake*, and without the slightest reference to the admiration their labors might happen to excite in the minds of men. There are men who live for fame, and who are merely famous without the greatness on which true fame can alone be based; but a single glimpse at the inner life of such men would be sufficient to reveal the utter hollowness of such a life and its entire lack of capacity to satisfy the mind.

Agassiz is a truly great man, but what does he care for the gaping crowd that wonders at his learning. His absorption in his work is so complete that, in addition to the love of fame, another of the ruling passions of the human mind has lost its influence over him. When urged to devote a portion of his time to lecturing, on account of his great popularity and the amount of money he would be sure to derive from the plan, he replied "I have no time to make money."

What did Beethoven care for fame? Once on a certain occasion when he was in despair by reason of his increasing deafness, and he was almost tempted to commit suicide, he says: "Art—she alone—she held me back. Oh! it seemed to me impossible to quit this world before I had accomplished all of which I felt myself capable, and therefore I preserved this unhappy life."

It is needless to multiply instances. Our position is abundantly verified by facts. Therefore we say to our young friends: Do not be misled by the glitter of popular applause. The approval of thoughtful and judicious friends is worth more than the senseless shouts of the whole world. Besides, there is only one way in which true fame can be achieved, and that is by doing one's work well.—*New York Musical Gazette.*

☞ Josh Billings says: "Menny people spend their time in trying to find the hole whar sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into a mill pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out, rather than git into a long argument about the hole they fell in."

Domestic Economy.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FROM LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

PLAIN PLUM CAKE.—Three-fourths of a cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, two eggs, three cups of flour, half a cup of milk, half a teaspoon of soda, one cup of chopped raisins, spice as desirable.

RURAL WORSHIP.

BY A. M. IDE.

Though all men's art the temple gilds,
Where Nature works all art is poor;
Supremest art, like nature, builds
Of life that is, life to endure.

Who worship best, from days of old
Have builded wiser than they knew;
Truth is diviner than its mould,
Form may be false, the worship true.

Man's ways are many and God's one;
What shrines are sought, or aisles are trod,
The liberty of creeds outgrown
Is forotaste of the peace of God.

The gospels of the field are His:
The ministries of light and air,
Forest and ocean litanies,
All Nature's perfect psalm and prayer.

The pathway of His temple leads
Wherever truth is sought or found:—
Nor, set apart by walls or creeds,—
The earth of God is holy ground.

—*Old and New, for April.*

SPRING DISORDERS.

In the spring of the year pill makers reap rich harvests from the sale of their nostrums. A single dealer has informed us that in a town of 5,000 people, between the first of March and the first of June, he has sold as many as 900 boxes of pills. Of course they had been puffed well by almanacs devoted to that purpose. The reason why there is always such a demand for physic in the spring, is because when the warm weather of March and April comes, people keep on eating too much food, more than can be managed by the stomach except during the cold winter weather. The result is, the stomach is overtaxed, the liver and bowels obstructed, the blood deteriorated and the patient, for want of knowledge, knows no better than to resort to physic. The true method to be observed in such cases is, on the approach of spring, to eat less food, and that of a milder nature. The brown bread should take the place of the white, if white is used in the winter. More fruit should be taken. Avoid stale vegetables. If you have not good potatoes, eat none, for poor potatoes are very unwholesome. If you have good potatoes, use or boil them, and not fry or bake; eat with fresh cream instead of gravy or butter. Use freely of canned fruit, or well kept apples; at least one meal. Avoid fat meat, pastry, cakes, rich puddings and live simply and naturally. Every family should put by for spring use sufficient good fruit, to have it abundant in March, April, and May and as soon as strawberries ripen they should be used freely. Strawberries for those who have attacks of the disorders incident to spring, are one of the remedies that can be used. We pity the family that does not have them in abundance, and early ones too. Nature seems to have made them on purpose to meet a demand of the system in early summer, and we have known many cases of invalids being greatly improved by their free use. Wilson, the ornithologist, was once ordered by an Indian doctor to live on strawberries in order to cure an obstinate dysentery, and to his surprise he was cured in less than two weeks. Strawberries which can be canned in almost unlimited quantities, so as to be as fresh and good in the spring as in autumn, should also be used freely, and not as an occasional luxury, but as a regular article of diet. They are especially wholesome at this season of the year. These simple rules followed, will in most cases prevent much disease and suffering.—*Herald of Health.*

☞ The Pittsfield and North Adams Rail road in Massachusetts is not remarkable for speed. As a train on it recently came to a halt a passenger exclaimed: "Well, I wonder what we're stopped for now!" "Why," explains a fellow-traveller, "it's to take the cowcatcher off the engine and put it on behind to keep the cows from running over us."

LOGIC.—Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that if you cut off your left hand your right hand becomes your left hand.

Anecdotes.

☞ A DECIDED NON-COMMITTAL.—Old Lady—"Can you tell me, my good man, where I can find Mr. Jones?"

Pat.—"Sure, ma'am, I expect it would be at his house you would find him."

Lady.—"Does he live anywhere in the street here?"

Pat.—"Sure, no indade; it's not for the likes of him to be livin' in the street at all."

Lady.—"You stupid fellow, I mean what number does his family stop at—"

Pat—"Now, ma'am you have me; he has six boys and four girls already, but whether he manes to stop at that number—"

Lady.—"Oh, you blockhead!" [Exit old lady in a tremor of indignation.

☞ The following may be cited as an example of a scrupulously honest testimonial to character. The writer says: "I have known Mr. —— for several years. I consider him eminently qualified for every post he seeks. His habits are convivial, if not regular. He possesses a fine voice. His taste in liquors is remarkable. He plays whist with singular steadiness. He knows as much about everything as most men. He is frequently sober, and occasionally industrious."

☞ ANECDOTE.—"Boy, the corn which you are hoeing there, appears to be quite small?"

"Yes, sir, we planted little corn."

"But it looks yellow."

"Yes, sir, Dad had to go all the way down to Uncle Nat's to get yaller corn to plant."

"I shouldn't think you would have more than a crop."

"No, sir, we don't expect but half a crop —we plant on shares."

☞ Lord North was once asked his opinion about a great feat of some singer, when he answered, "He wished it was impossible." This gave him the reputation of a critic, which he, however, lost again when declining to subscribe to the Ancient concerts. Being reminded of the fact that his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, subscribed, he remarked, "Oh, if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

CAUSE OF ABSENCE.—When the late Lord Campbell married Miss Scarlett, and departed on his wedding trip, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my lord," replied Brougham, "but I understand he is ill, suffering from Scarlett fever."

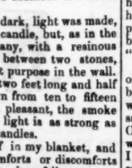
☞ "What's the price of this silk?" asked a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings." "Seventeen shillings!" said she; "I'll give you thirteen." "Seven shillings," said the honest shopman. "Oh! seven shillings!" rejoined the lady, sharply; "I'll give you five."

☞ "Mr. Jones," said Mrs. J., with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"

"Well, yes," growled Jones, "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks pride and leads to repentance."

☞ A letter recently passed through the Derby Line, (Vermont) office bearing the following superscription: "This is for the man who has the Thourow bread Deerrum cattle I am not scartain for the rite enitionis of his name."

Something New.



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Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass.

February 15, 1869.

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PEABODY, Mass., March 20th, 1869.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BRECK & SON:

Gentlemen: The Burdick Fodder Cu ... bought of you far exceeds my expectations. I have ... the last 2½ years used Fodder Cutters of differ.nt kinds, which were said to be the best in use—but I have never found one that would begin to ... as much (either hay or corn fodder) in ... one same time, with so little labor as Burdick & Co's. No. 8. The ease with which it is kept in order, I deem important. Any person that can sharpen a knife can keep it in order, as the knife can be sharpened without taking it out of the machine.

Yours respectfully, LEWIS ALLEN.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Feb. 1, 1869.

MESSRS. J. BRECK & SON:

Gentlemen: The Burdick Cutter I bought of you last December, is far ahead of any I have ever seen. With the No.